

INSIDE

JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA

AN 8-PAGE STORY-CUM-ACTIVITY PULLOUT

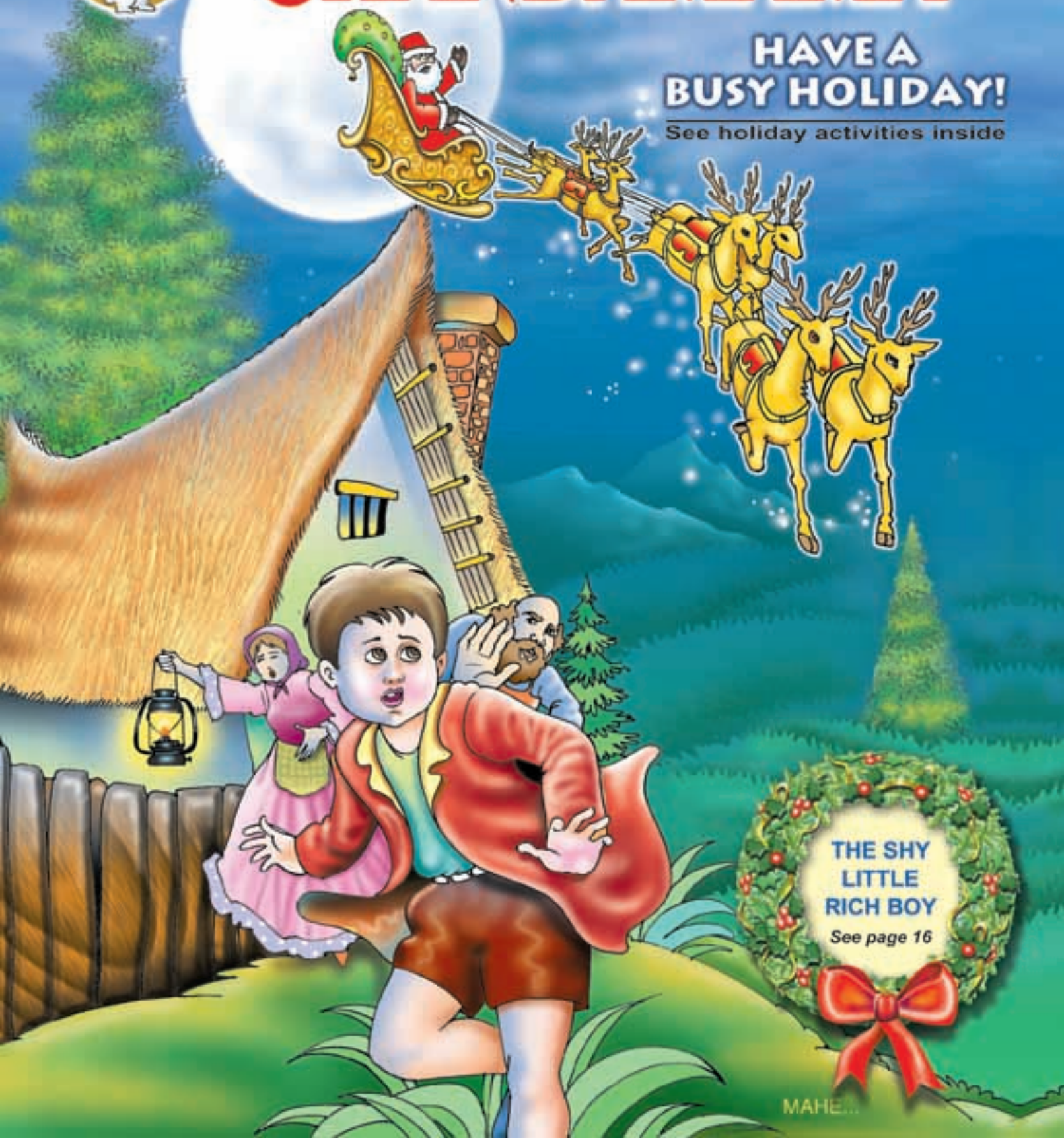


December 2002 Rs. 15/-

CHANDAMAMA

**HAVE A
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See holiday activities inside



**THE SHY
LITTLE
RICH BOY**

See page 16

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Smart kids always
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PIRANHA



ACTIVE



CADET HX



YANKEE



ROBO COP

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Because it's never too early to be a hero.



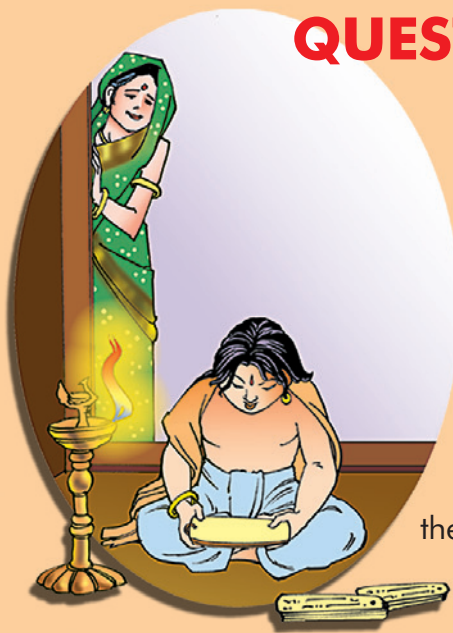
ORISSA

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QUEST OF A TEENAGER



"Mother, the villagers speak of my father with great respect. 'What a sacrifice he has made, staying away from home for twelve long years!' they say. Where is he, Mother? When is he likely to come back?" a boy asked of his mother.

"Your father is leading a large team of sculptors and craftsmen in giving shape to a colossal monument. My son, I don't know how long it will take for the work to be over."

The boy sat in silence, eyes closed, as if he could see in a vision hundreds of workers busy building a great temple under his father's supervision.

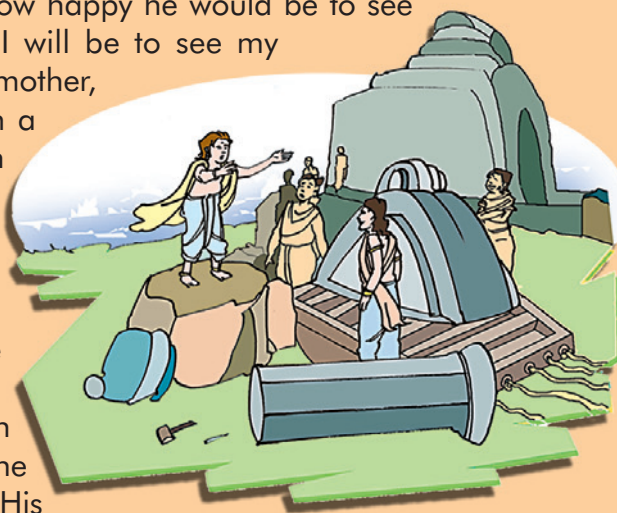
"Mother, please permit me to go to the site and meet Father," said the boy.

"My son, you were born a month after your father left the village on the orders of the king. He has never seen you. How then can he recognise you?"

"My father would recognise me all right. Imagine how happy he would be to see me. And, Mother, can't you imagine how delighted I will be to see my father?" said the boy. He went on pleading with his mother, and the fond mother at last let him go. She gave him a handful of berries from a tree in their courtyard which his father used to love very much.

The boy walked on and on and at last reached the site. What a joy it was for the father to meet his smart little son!

Before long the boy found out that his father and the other experts were finding it difficult to position the crown of the temple. The boy, who had read a rare book on architecture which was there at home, remembered the principle which could be applied to solve the problem. His suggestion was put to use and, lo and behold, it succeeded!



Questions:

1. Which is the temple and who was the deity to be worshipped in it?
.....
2. What are the names of the boy, his father, and the king who built the temple?
.....
3. What is the name the Englishmen had given to the temple?
.....

Only children upto 14 years can participate. Write your answers legibly in the blank space provided, fill in the coupon below and send the entry before December 31, 2002, to

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No.12

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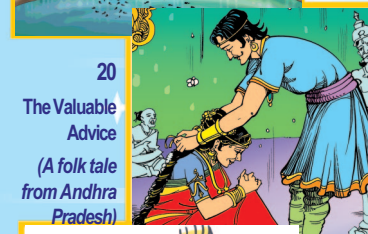
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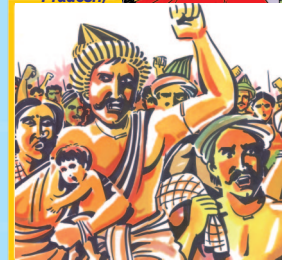
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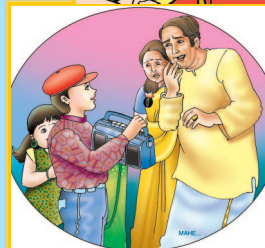
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Know your country

Not very long ago, there was a popular slogan which ran like this: *Join the Navy and see the world*. In India, there were people like Adi Sankara, Swami Vivekananda, and Mahatma Gandhi who had gone round the country and found that every stone, tree, or structure had stories to tell, of the great heritage that had got embedded for posterity.

We are told that Sankaracharya centuries ago and Swami Vivekananda in times that we can visualise had walked the length and breadth of the land. The Swami, while he sat in meditation on a rock surrounded by the seas in Kanyakumari, turned his eyes towards the north when he could imagine not only the vastness of the country but the wealth of thoughts it held. This gave him the vision to state, "India is the first and foremost of all nations of the world."

Gandhiji wanted to spread his message of nationalism and non-violence and he went to every nook and corner of India and he found, to quote his words, "India lives in her seven hundred thousand villages." He also said emphatically, "I am wedded to India, because I owe my all to her."

School children are often taken on conducted tours which, besides everything else, help them open their eyes and tell them how much they are indebted to their land of birth. Such tours and excursions have limitations of their own. Children must find opportunities otherwise to know more about their country, not from books, nor from TV visuals, but by visiting places they have not been to. Travel will surely widen their outlook. Remember what Rakesh Sharma, India's first cosmonaut, said far away from space? *Sare jahan se achcha Hindustan hamara*. India is the best of all countries.

Founded by

**B. Nagi Reddi
and
Chakrapani**

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Viswam

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Words of Wisdom

1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap; it will never be dear to you.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.

Ten Rules for a Good Life

6. Never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. Don't let the evils which have never happened cost you pain.
9. Always take things by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count to ten before you speak; if very angry, count to one hundred.

- Thomas Jefferson

Enter the Heroes of India Quiz and win fabulous prizes

Heroes of India - 15

Here are some of the literary heroes of our country. Do you know them?

1

I'm the author of the novel *Anandmath* that contains the song 'Vande Mataram'. Name me.

2

I was the first Hindi author to include realism in my writings. I pioneered fiction with a social cause. *Sevasadan* and *Godaan* are considered my best works. Who am I?

3

I am a very famous Tamil writer. I won the Jnanapeeth Award in 1975 for my novel '*Chittirapava*'. What is my name?

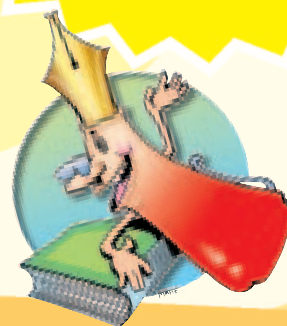
4

I'm the creator of Malgudi, the imaginary locale of my stories, like *Swami and friends*, *Guide*, and *The Dark Room*. Do you know me?

5

I've translated the Rig Veda into Malayalam. Do you know me?

Three
all correct entries
will receive bicycles
as awards.*



Fill in the blanks next to each question legibly. Which of these five is your favourite hero and why? Write 10 words on **My favourite literary hero is**

Name of participant:-----

-----Age:-----Class:-----

Address:-----

Pin:-----Ph:-----

Signature of participant:-----

Signature of parent:-----

Please tear off this page and mail it to

Heroes of India Quiz-15

CHANDAMAMA INDIA LIMITED

No.82, Defence Officers Colony

Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097.

On/before **January 5, 2003**

Instructions

1. The contest is open to children in the age group 8-14 years.
2. *Three winners will be selected for this contest from entries in all the language editions. **Winners will receive bicycles of appropriate size.** If there are more than one all correct entries, winners will be selected on the basis of the best description of **My favourite hero**.
3. The judges' decision will be final.
4. No correspondence will be entertained in this regard.
5. The winners will be intimated by post.

Prizes brought
to you by





NEW TALES
OF
KING VIKRAM
AND THE VETALA

THINGS UNSAID

Dark was the night and weird the atmosphere. It rained from time to time. Gusts of wind shook the nearby forest.

Between thunderclaps and the moaning of jackals could be heard the eerie laughter of spirits.

But King Vikram did not swerve. He climbed the ancient tree once again and brought the corpse down. However, as soon as he began crossing the desolate cremation ground, with the corpse lying on his shoulder, the Vetala that possessed the corpse said, “O King, you must have some purpose in pursuing this mission of yours. There are people who are never satisfied with what they achieve. Let me narrate to you an incident to illustrate my point. Pay attention to my story. That may even bring you some relief.”

The vampire went on: King Chandrapal ruled over the kingdom of Kamboj. He was known for his interest in literature. Poets and writers received great encouragement from him.

Shravan was a young man who was in love with poetry. All that he wanted was to be acknowledged as a poet in his lifetime, a dream that would remain unfulfilled if he continued to live in his village. So, he went to the capital and presented himself before the king.

“My lord, I wish to spend my life writing poetry. But I need to earn a living,” said the young man.

“Can you read out some of your poems to me?” asked the king.

“With pleasure, my lord.” And Shravan recited a couple of what he considered were his best poems. The king looked satisfied and appointed him as one of the court poets.



Every evening the king used to listen to recitations by poets who came from different parts of the kingdom. The king always appreciated their work and rewarded them with gifts and titles.

This went on for some time. Shravan began to feel uneasy because he found that the king was praising most of the poems recited every day. He thought that some of them were rather immature and imperfect; not even worthy of being called poetry! At first he thought the king was patronising the poets only because they were poor. But soon he found that with the exception of one or two of them, most of the others were well to do and did not deserve any patronage.

The king never failed to praise Shravan whenever he read out a new poem, but this did not encourage him because the king had similar words of praise for even worthless poets!

Six months passed. One day a celebrated poet named Shankarananda came to the court as the king's guest. Poet Shankarananda had been accorded enthusiastic receptions and given rewards at the courts of many kings. At Kamboj, too, he was felicitated and very well received.

Shravan made an appointment with the famous poet

and met him in private. "Sir, I hold the post of a court poet. I am paid a thousand rupees every month. Will you please read a few of my poems and give me your opinion?"

Shankarananda read his poems with great attention and said in a tender tone, "My son, the king is a kind-hearted man; you are lucky, your future seems bright."

Shravan was happy. But, after a moment's reflection on the great poet's statement, he looked grave. "Sir, you've opened my eyes. Thank you very much," he said while taking leave of Shankarananda.

Shravan immediately went to the king's chief minister and said, "Sir, I've to go to Varanasi to study prosody. May I be relieved of my post?"

The minister nodded. "But it will be ungrateful if you go away without meeting the king. Ingratitude is a sin," he reminded Shravan.

"You're right, sir. I must take leave of his majesty. I shall never be ungrateful," assured Shravan. Then, while turning to go, he stopped and said, "Sir, I'm most grateful to you!" The minister smiled. Shravan met the king and then left for Varanasi.

The vampire paused for a moment and then demanded of King Vikram in a stern voice, "O king, what was the significance of poet Shankarananda's statement that at first made Shravan happy and then made him grave? Why did he decide to leave a comfortable job? It was natural for Shravan to feel grateful to the king. But why did he suddenly feel it necessary to express his gratitude to the chief minister? Answer me if you can. If you keep mum, though you may know the answer, your head would roll off your shoulders!"

The king answered, "At first Shravan did not understand the hidden meaning of Shankarananda's statement. He grew grave when he understood what he really meant to convey. Shravan had told Shankarananda that he was receiving a handsome salary from the king.

"Then he asked the great poet to read his poetry. In such a situation it would have been only natural for the great poet to say, the king indeed was a true lover of poetry. Instead, he said the king was a good man. That meant the king gave Shravan a good salary not in recognition of his talent, but because the king was kind-hearted!

"Then Shankarananda observed that Shravan's future

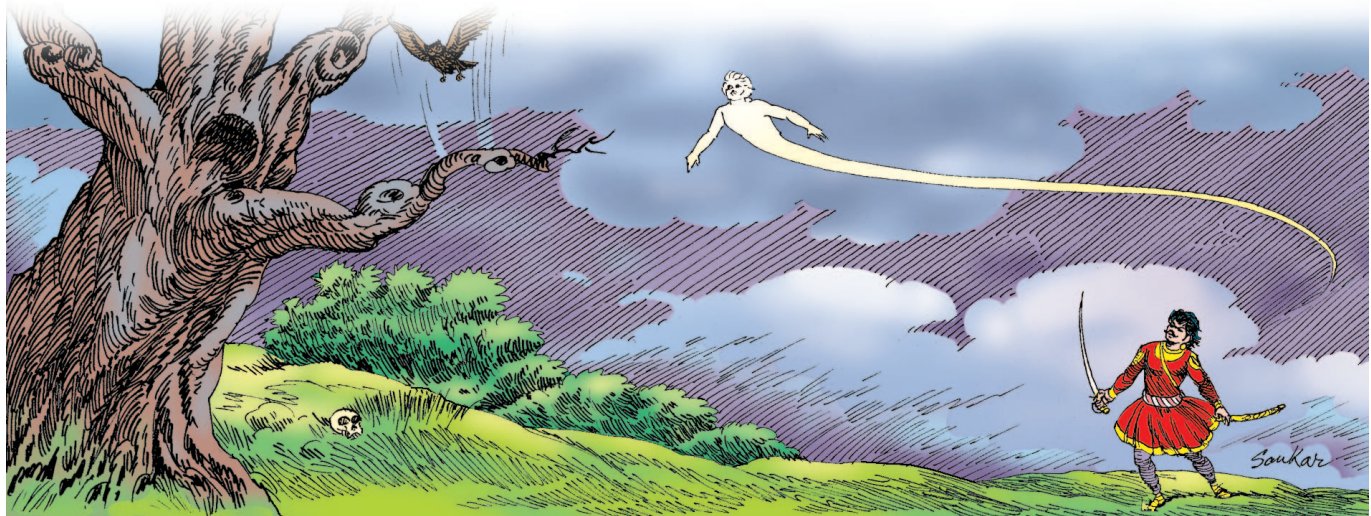
should be bright. In other words, Shravan's poetry at that time did not deserve any praise.

"Shravan was shrewd. He understood that if he were to make his future bright, he should hone his skills. He realised that of all the poets in Kamboj he was the best, but to be really good he needed the guidance of experts.

"The reason for his being grateful to the minister is quite subtle. Shravan had by then realised that the king did not understand much poetry, which was why he was praising all the poets, irrespective of the quality of their

poetry. The minister did not want Shravan to criticize the king in front of the scholars and poets of Varanasi. The king had been kind to him. So, by reminding Shravan that ingratitude is a sin, the wise minister was hinting at this. Shravan understood this and thanked him for the hint. Shravan was wise. He could understand things unsaid by both Shankarananda and the minister."

No sooner had King Vikram concluded his answer than the vampire, along with the corpse, gave him the slip.



That's science for you!

How often do you gaze at the sky at night? The night sky is a fascinating sight with all those flickering stars and the bright moon. But because of artificial light around and so many diversions, we hardly glance at the skies today.

However, way back in the bygone era, things were different. There were neither diversions, nor buildings obstructing the view, nor indeed artificial light to keep man occupied in other work. The night sky would have been a prominent feature in their lives, and watching it must have been as compulsive a

habit as watching the TV today! Did you know that the Chinese were the first to compile a systematic catalogue of the stars? As early as the 4th century B.C., three astronomers, Shih Shen, Kan Te and Wu Hsien, compiled

catalogues in such detail that these were in use even a thousand years later. In the 4th century A.D., Chen Cho constructed a star map based on these catalogues. It was the early Chinese who started the ball and link method of showing the constellations, a method still in use today in star atlases.



A Little World of Mud



I had never thought there was so much to be found in the rain-water pond behind our house, except for quantities of mud and the occasional water-buffalo. It was Grandfather who introduced me to the pond's diversity of life, so beautifully arranged that each individual gained some benefit from the well-being of the mass. To the inhabitants of the pond, it was the world; and to the inhabitants of the world, commented Grandfather, the world was but a muddy pond.

When Grandfather first showed me the pond-world, he chose a dry place in the shade of an old peepul tree, where we sat for an hour, gazing steadily at the thin greenscum on the water. The buffaloes had not arrived for their afternoon dip, and the surface of the pond lay undisturbed.

For the first ten minutes we saw nothing. Then a small black blob appeared in the middle of the pond. Gradually it rose higher until at a last we could make out a frog's head, its big eyes staring hard at us. He did not know if we were friend or foe, and kept his body out of sight. A heron, his mortal enemy, might have been wading about in search of him. When he had made sure that we

were not herons, he passed this information to his friends and neighbours, and very soon there were a number of big heads and eyes on the surface of the water. Throats swelled and there began a chorus which went "wurk, wurk, wurk..."

In the shallow water near the tree we could see a dark shifting shadow. When we touched it with the end of a stick, the dark mass immediately came alive. Thousands of little black tadpoles wriggled into life, pushing and hustling one another.

"What do tadpoles eat?" I asked Grandfather.

"They eat one another much of the time," said Grandfather, who had once kept a few in an aquarium. "It may seem an unpleasant custom, but when you think of the thousands of tadpoles that are hatched, you will realise what a useful system it is. If all the young tadpoles in this pond became frogs, they would take up every inch of ground between us and the house!"

"Their croaking would certainly drive Grandmother crazy," I said, to which Grandfather agreed, and he gave me a smile.

When Grandfather was younger, he had once brought home a number of greentree-frogs. He put them in a glass jar and left them on a window-sill without telling anyone, anyone at all, of their presence.

At about four in the morning the entire household was awakened by a loud and fearful noise, and Grandmother and several nervous relatives gathered on the verandah for safety. Their fear turned to anger when they discovered the source of the noise. At the first glimmer of dawn, the frogs had with one accord burst into a song. Grandmother wanted to throw the frogs, bottle and all, out of the window, but Grandfather gave the bottle a good shake, and the frogs stayed quiet. Everyone went to sleep again, but Grandfather was

obliged to stay awake in order to shake the bottle whenever the frogs showed signs of bursting into a song again.

Fortunately for all concerned, the next day Aunt Mabel took the top off the bottle to see what was inside. The sight of a dozen greentree-frogs so frightened her that she ran off without replacing the cover, and the frogs jumped out and got loose in the garden and were never seen again.

Their escape ruined Grandfather's project of using the tree-frogs as barometers. His idea was to place the frogs in tall bottles with wooden ladders. The steps of the ladder would act as degree-marks. The frogs would climb to the top in fine weather, but keep to the bottom of the bottle when the weather was bad. It was Grandfather's plan to consult his frogs before going out on picnics.

But to return to my own pond...

I soon grew into the habit of visiting it on my own, to explore its banks and shallows; and, taking off my shoes, I would wade into the muddy water up to my knees, and pluck the water-lilies off the surface.

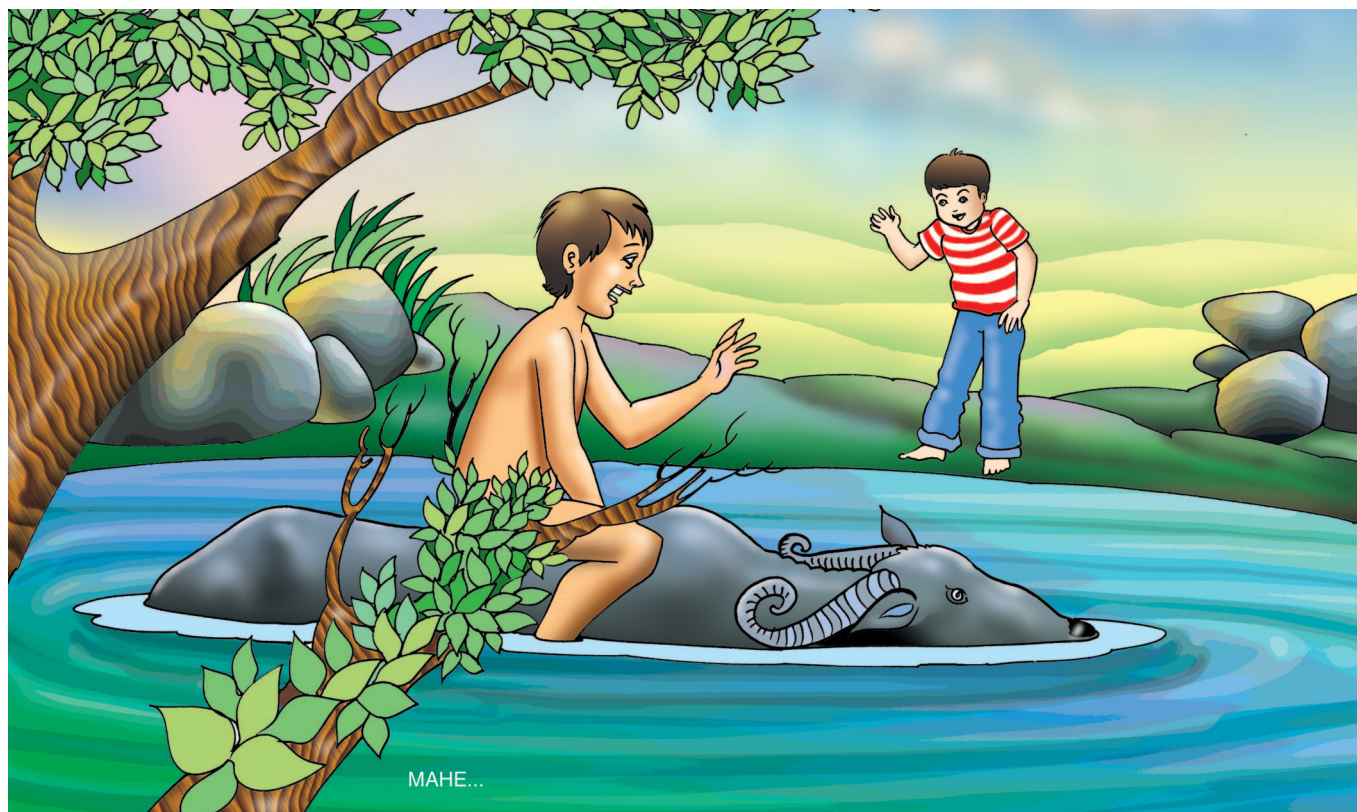
One day, when I reached the pond, I found it already occupied by the buffaloes. Their owner, a boy a little

older than I, was swimming about in the middle of the pond. Instead of climbing out on to the bank, he would pull himself up on the back of one of his buffaloes, stretch his naked brown body out on the animal's glistening back, and start singing to himself.

When the boy saw me staring at him from across the pond, he smiled, showing gleaming white teeth in his dark, sun-burnt face. He invited me to join him for a swim. I told him I could not swim, and he offered to teach me. He dived off the back of his buffalo and swam across to me. And I, having removed my shirt and shorts, followed his instructions until I was struggling about among the water-lilies.

The boy's name was Ramu, and he promised to give me swimming lessons every afternoon. And so it was during the afternoons—especially summer afternoons when everyone else was asleep—that we met.

Very soon I was able to swim across the pond to sit with Ramu astride a contented buffalo, standing like an island in the middle of a muddy ocean. Ramu came from a family of farmers and had as yet received no schooling. But he was well-versed in folklore and knew a great deal about birds and animals.



I liked the buffaloes, too. Sometimes we would try racing them, Ramu and I riding on different buffaloes. But they were lazy creatures, and would leave one comfortable spot only to look for another or, if they were in no mood for games, would roll over on their backs, taking us with them into the mud and green scum of the pond. I would often emerge from the pond in shades of green and khaki, then slip into the house through the bathroom, bathing under the tap before getting into my clothes.

Ramu and I sat on our favourite buffalo and watched a pair of sarus cranes prancing and capering around each other; tall, stork like birds with naked red heads and long red legs. They are always very devoted companions, and it is said that if a sarus is killed, its mate will haunt the scene for weeks, calling sadly, and sometimes pining away and dying of grief. They are held in great affection by the village people, and when caught young, they make excellent pets. Though grandfather did not keep a sarus-crane, he said they are as good as watch-dogs, giving loud trumpet-like calls when they are disturbed.

"Many birds are sacred," said Ramu, as a blue-jay swooped down from the peepul tree and carried off a grasshopper. He told me that both the blue-jay and Lord Siva were called Nilkanth. Siva had a blue throat, like

that of the bird, because out of compassion for the human race, he had swallowed a deadly poison meant to destroy the world. Keeping the poison in His throat, He did not let it go down any farther.

"Are squirrels sacred?" I asked.

"Lord Krishna loved squirrels," said Ramu. "He would take them in His arms and stroke them with His long fingers. That is why they have four dark lines down their backs from head to tail. Krishna was very dark, and the lines are the marks of His fingers."

It seemed both Ramu and Grandfather were of the opinion that we should be more gentle with birds and animals, and not kill so many of them.

"It is also important that we respect them," said Grandfather. "We must acknowledge their rights on the earth. Everywhere, birds and animals are finding it more difficult to live because we are destroying their forests. They have to keep moving as the trees disappear."

Ramu and I spent many long summer afternoons at the pond. Only the buffaloes and the frogs and the sarus cranes knew of our friendship. They had accepted us as part of their own world, the muddy but comfortable pond. And when finally I went away, both they and Ramu must have assumed that I would return like the birds.



When is a sailor not a sailor?

Why do birds fly south in winter?



What comes once in a minute, twice in a moment, but never in a thousand years?



What is it that someone has to take before you get it?

Which key opens a banana?



What is a foreign ant?



What travels around the world but stays in a corner?



Your photograph
A monkey.
Import - ant
A stamp



The letter M



Because it's too far to walk.



When he is on land.



Answers :



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bookworms!

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| <input type="checkbox"/> The Tiger with the Most Wonderful Tail and Other Stories | <input type="checkbox"/> The Donkey's Downfall and Other Stories |
| | <input type="checkbox"/> The Cunning Pelican and Other Stories |

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STORIES FROM MANY CULTURES

A Christmas legend

The shy little rich boy

Nicholas – we'll call him Nick, for short - was just a young lad when his parents died. They left him all the money he could ever want.

But Nick was very different from the rest of the boys of his age of those times. He did not much enjoy wearing gorgeous clothes or stuffing his stomach with rich food. He did not know what to do with the wealth he had inherited.

When he looked at the poor people in the city, he would feel something gnawing away at his heart. He would then feel sad, and worry about their condition without an end.

One evening, as he was strolling down a road, he wondered what on earth he was to do with the bag of gold coins that had fallen out of the cupboard when he had opened it that morning. How his parents had stuffed the cupboards full of gold coins and other similar things. How was he to get rid of all that? What a heavy burden it was!

He bit his lips, frowning. Just then he heard loud sobs coming from a small hut close by. He stopped in his tracks. Nick did not like to see or hear anyone crying. He hid behind the lengthening shadows of a tree and listened.

"How can we celebrate Elsa's wedding? We haven't even been able to feed our girls with two square meals a day!" sobbed a male voice.

"A wedding feast will cost a lot of money! And jewellery and good clothes and other gifts for the child! Alas! We cannot afford all that!" This was a woman's voice.

"Poor Elsa! How unfortunate to be born to penniless parents like us!" sobbed the father.

As Nick listened silently, he began to understand their story. The man and the woman were so poor that they could not even feed their three daughters properly. Now it was time for the eldest one to get married, but



there was just no money for the feast or gifts. So, they would have to turn down a proposal from a nice boy who would have made a fine husband for their dear daughter.

Nick walked back home with a heavy heart. At home, looking at the fine things around him, he only felt angrier than ever. He did not want any of them. Out there in the town were people who could use them better! And what were these gold and other things doing in his house? It was then that a great idea struck him. He could give away some of his wealth to that poor family and Elsa could marry that nice boy.

But there was one hitch. If he did offer them money or any of his wealth, the poor man would clasp his hands or fall at his feet in gratitude. The woman would sniff and cry all over him. How embarrassing that would be! Nick was a very shy boy. He did not want to be known as somebody's benefactor. He did not even want to be thanked.

So he decided to do his act of charity discreetly. That night, when everyone was asleep, Nick crept out of his house with a bag of gold. He went to the poor man's house. The house was in darkness. Obviously, everyone was asleep. He tiptoed around the house, and found a window open. Ah! That was what he had been seeking. He threw the bag of gold into the house and ran away as fast as his young legs could carry him.

The next morning, the man was amazed to see a bag of gold lying on the floor. He enquired everywhere but could not find out who had thrown the bag in. "Perhaps God has heard our prayers," said his wife, sighing thankfully. The happy parents conducted the marriage of their eldest daughter with great fanfare.

Then it was time for the second daughter to get married. Nick got wind of the news in the town. He decided to step in with help. He once again dropped a bag of gold into their house, and the second daughter was married soon!

Now it was the turn of the third and last daughter. But this time, the father was determined to find out who his unknown benefactor was. 'He'll surely come, and I must certainly thank him this time. He has saved the lives of my daughters and it would be most ungrateful if I do not even thank him!' he thought.

So he began keeping a watch outside his house at night. The street dogs howled at him uneasily and the black cat meowed in protest, as if to say, 'You're not supposed to be here now!' But the man was unfazed.

One night, his vigil paid off. Nick arrived with his bag of gold. "Ah! Got you!" shouted the man with joy. But as he leapt out of the shadows to grab the

Chandamama



Moms are the same everywhere!

Does your mother go to work and does your grandma or an aunt or the aunty at a day care centre take care of you when you return from school? And have you sulked and wondered why your mother wasn't at the doorstep waiting for you? Buck up, friends. It is not only the human mothers who work both in and out of the house to keep the family happy. Recent anthropological studies have indicated that animal mothers, too, do so. Lionesses go hunting while their cubs are looked after by surrogate mothers, often, older lionesses in the pride. So do baboons and other animals. The female of every species goes hunting, with the younger kids in tow, while the slightly older ones are left behind in the care of older members of the community! So the next time you're upset with mom for leaving you alone at home while she goes to work, do remember: she's not doing something strange or cruel; she's doing only what all mothers in the world of living creatures are doing.



startled Nick, the black cat stretched herself and he tripped over her. Nick got away. He ran and ran, his face pink with embarrassment.

The man, however, gave a chase and caught him. He was surprised to see that Nick was just a teenager. "So young? And yet so sensitive and helpful?" he wondered.

"Please, please, don't tell anyone that I've helped you!" begged Nick.

"But why?" asked the man. "Why should the world not know that here is someone who gives gifts to people in need?"

"No, no, no!" cried the boy, blushing in the dark night. "Oh please don't tell anyone that it was I. I can't bear it!"

The man ultimately had to agree. As he grew, Nick found himself getting more and more attracted to the church. He wanted to join its service. 'The ministers of the church are poor people. Will they accept a rich boy like me?' he wondered. Nick made his decision quickly. He gave away all his wealth and joined the service of the church as a priest.

When the bishop of the neighbouring town of Myra died, Nick was among the candidates whose names were recommended for the post.

All the candidates assembled at Myra where the bishop was to be chosen the next day.

Early next morning, Nick went to the church at Myra. It was his habit to visit the church early every morning. The church was empty, except for a very old minister.

"Who are you, my son?" he asked the young and serious looking lad.

"I'm Nicholas, a sinner, a servant of God!" came the answer.

Later that day, when everyone had gathered at the church for the choice to be made, the old minister stepped forward. "Last night I dreamt that he who first set foot in the church today should be the Bishop of Myra.

This morning I hastened here very early and the first to enter the church was a young minister called Nicholas. I propose that he be made the Bishop of Myra."

And so young Nick, he who had thrown in bags of gold to help the needy man in Patara, became the Bishop of Myra.

As years passed, Bishop Nicholas of Myra came to be known all over the world as a generous, magnanimous, steadfast and a staunch servant of God. Many legends grew around him. You must have heard of him, too—Nick... Nicholas....

Saint Nicholas.. Santa Claus...! Does the name jingle a bell? Yes, that's who Nick

- Retold by Sumy





Send your questions to :
Ask Away, Chandamama India Ltd.
No.82 Defence Officers' Colony
Ekkatuthangal, Chennai - 600 097 or
e-mail to askaway@chandamama.org.

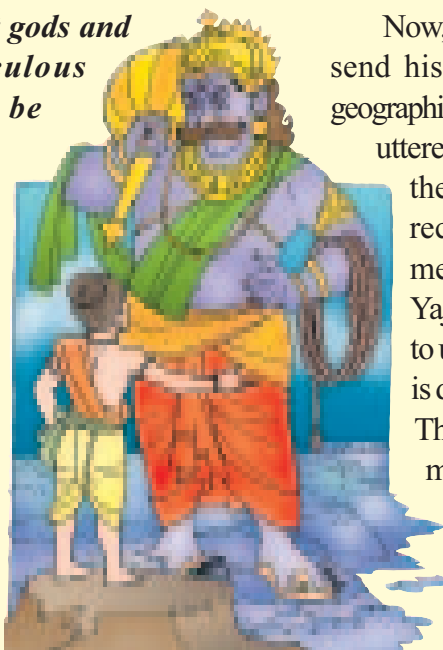
Q *In mythological stories about gods and demons, there are miraculous happenings which seem to be improbable. Are they really true?*

- Nayan M. Shah

Goregaon (West), Mumbai

A There are stories and stories. All the stories, which circulate as mythology, are not mythological in the real sense. That is to say, stories have been built around the mythological characters by later authors. Such stories are not found in the original mythological works. There are hundreds of stories with Rama and Krishna as their characters that cannot be found in the *Ramayana* or *Mahabharata* or the *Bhagavatam*.

However, even the original mythological stories contain elements of miracle. Many of them are symbolic; many of them happened in some other plane, not in the gross physical plane; but they are narrated in such a way as if they happened at this matter-of-fact plane. Let me give an example. I hope, you know the story of Nachiketa, the son of a sage. The sage performed a certain Yajna in the course of which he distributed all his possessions. Nachiketa wondered if his father had forgotten to give him away. When he reminded his father repeatedly, the sage said, 'I give you away to Yama, the god of Death!' Nachiketa then went to the domain of Yama. Since he was away, Nachiketa was kept waiting. Yama returned after three days and offered him three boons. Nachiketa desired to know what happened to a person after he or she died. Yama was reluctant to reveal the mystery of death, but ultimately yielded to the boy's quest.



Now, several questions arise. How could a father send his son to Yama? Can Yama's abode be geographically identified? If an angry father had merely uttered something like a curse directed at his son, the *Upanishads* would not have cared to record that incident. It has a much deeper meaning. At that auspicious moment of the Yajna, the sage commissioned his worthy son to undertake research on the phenomenon that is death, if I am to put it in modern vocabulary. The son's three days of waiting before he could meet Yama means his three days of deep meditation on the mystery. Yama's reluctance to reveal the truth about death means it is not easy to hit upon such secrets.

Thus, mythological stories are not to be taken literally. We must have a wide vision, a deeper understanding of the minds of those seers and their way of narrating things, in order to appreciate them. However, even as fantasies and mere stories, people have enjoyed them for generations past.

Q *Is life a thing of continuous tension?*

C.P. Amelia, Chennai

A If I remember correctly, it was the British statesman, Benjamin Disraeli, who said, 'Youth is a blunder, middle age a struggle, old age – a regret.'

Alas, the statement summarises the experience of millions. But we need not have such a pessimistic or cynical view of life. How to get over this view? There is only one answer. If we trust that life has a purpose, which is realizing the Divine—you may call it the ultimate Reality or Brahman or something else – then all experiences will reveal their meaning to us. Nothing happens that does not guide us in that direction, whether we are conscious of it or not. In other words, it is the unshakable trust in the Divine that alone can set us free from the tensions which are otherwise bound to be there, in some people more and in some less.



The history of Andhra Pradesh can be traced back to the times of Chandragupta Maurya, as the Greek traveller Megasthenes makes mention of it in his works.

The Andhra region, over the centuries, had been ruled by several dynasties like the Satavahanas, Chalukyas, Kakatiyas, Bahmanis, and Qutb Sahis, among others.

The land is very fertile and well suited for agriculture. Two major river systems – Godavari and Krishna – flow through the State. These two perennial rivers, along with their extensive canal systems, provide irrigation. The State is the largest producer of rice in the country.

With an area of 276,754 sq.km, Andhra Pradesh is the fifth largest State of India. It has a population of 75,727,541.

Andhra Pradesh came into being on November 1, 1956.

The State is surrounded by the Bay of Bengal in the east, Karnataka in the west, Maharashtra, Chhattisgarh, and Orissa in the north, and Tamil Nadu in the south. It has a coastline of 972 km, the longest in the country.

Hyderabad is the capital. Telugu is the official language. The other languages spoken here are Hindi and Urdu.

The Valuable Advice

King Prataparudra of Warangal was disappointed with his son, Ramalinga. The prince was too soft and a *saadhu swabhaavi* for a king. “It is all your fault,” he told Queen Narayanamma. “You’ve spoilt him! A king must be tough. He has to take hard decisions. But this mother’s pet can’t do that!”

Queen Narayanamma would not agree. “Only a gentle king will understand his subjects’ pains,” she argued. “But if you want Ramalinga to become tough, send him into the kingdom to meet the common people.”

The king thought this was a good idea. He told Ramalinga, “My son, very soon you must take over the kingdom from me. But before that, I want you to learn the ways of the world. You must go out among the people and learn from the experience.”

So Ramalinga rode out into the city. When he stopped to take rest at noon, he heard raised voices from a hut nearby.

“I’ve given you all that I earn.” said a man’s voice.



“*Naa daggara inkem ledu.* You must manage as best you can.”

“Your salary is only just enough to feed us,” answered a woman’s voice. “But now mother is unwell and needs medicines. I need more money.”

The man sighed. “I don’t have any. But I can give you some lines of sound advice. If you can sell them to someone, you can earn even *laksha bangaaru nanaalu!* And that should take care of all our needs.”

“*Vivekaanni yevaru kontaar?*” wailed the woman. But, in reply the man wrote out some lines on a piece of bark and handed it to her.

The prince wanted to help the poor couple. So, when the woman came out, he approached her. “Mother, can you help me? I’m looking for some advice!” he said.

The woman looked at him hopefully. “I have a piece of bark with three lines of sound advice,” she said. “But they will cost you one lakh gold coins.”

The prince took it and gave her his *Vajraputungaram*. “This is more valuable than one lakh gold coins,” he said. Then he read the bark. It said:

If you stay overnight in an unfamiliar place, do not sleep, for you might never wake up!

If you visit a rich relative in great pomp, you will be well received, for you may be carrying gifts. But if you visit in poverty, you will be thrown out, for no rich man likes to entertain poor relatives.

If any work seems difficult and full of danger,



do it without fear and with all your might.

The prince put it away carefully. Some days later, his father wanted to know what he had learnt from his tours in the city.

“*Nenu chaalaa vivekaanni kounaanu,*” answered the prince, showing him the bark.



Arts and crafts

The rulers of Andhra Pradesh have always patronised various art forms and handicrafts. The State is the birthplace of *kalamkari*, one of the many beautiful folk art forms of India. It is painting done on fabric using a *kalam* or quill. The artists use only vegetable dyes. The paintings depict scenes from our epics. The *kalamkari* painting is done on wall hangings, bed sheets, and dress materials. The town of Srikalahasthi is famous for its *kalamkari* craftsmen..

Andhra Pradesh is also noted for the Kondapalli dolls. These are simple-looking dolls made of soft wood, and painted in bright colours.

Hyderabad is very famous for its pearls and bangles. The glass bangles of Hyderabad are hand-crafted and available in many hues and designs. The jewellers of Hyderabad are known for their skill of processing and designing pearls. Metalware is also popular in the State.



only made the king angry. “Moorkhuda!” he shouted. “You got tricked into buying wisdom? What kind of a ruler will you make? Get out of my sight and never come back here again!”

Ramalinga rode out of the kingdom. By nightfall, he reached a small town. He decided to spend the night in a travellers’ lodge.

When he entered it, the housekeeper looked at him up and down. He observed the brocaded garments and jewellery that Ramalinga was wearing. An evil idea took

shape in his mind. ‘Let me kill him tonight and take away his ornaments,’ he thought. He welcomed the prince and showed him to his best room. Ramalinga was just dozing off when he remembered the advice on the bark.

He read it again: ***If you stay overnight in an unfamiliar place, do not sleep, for you might never wake up!***

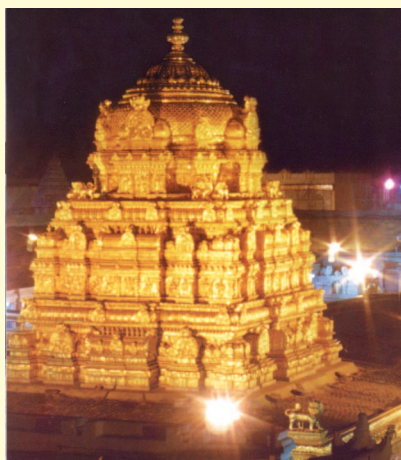
The prince decided to take the advice. He splashed water on his face and sat, alert. Soon after midnight, the housekeeper crept in, sword in hand. But the prince caught him red-handed. The man, who was taken by surprise fell on his knees, seeking forgiveness. The prince forgave him and left the town the next day.

Soon he reached his uncle’s kingdom. Many weeks had passed since Ramalinga left the palace. Having been travelling all the time, he looked dirty and unkempt. So when he presented himself at the royal court, his uncle did not even recognise him.

“You? My nephew? Guards, throw this rogue out,” said the uncle.

As he walked out, Ramalinga remembered the second piece of advice: ***If you visit a rich relative in great pomp, you will be well received for you may be carrying gifts. But if you visit in poverty you will be thrown out, for no rich man likes to entertain his poor relatives.***

The prince realised the truth contained in the words. He pawned some jewels for money and bought new clothes for himself. He spruced himself up. Now he looked like Prince Ramalinga of yore. He bought gifts for his uncle and went back to the court. This time his uncle welcomed him warmly.



The abode of Balaji

Tirumala in Tirupati has, for centuries, been the destination of pilgrims. Tirumala is the abode of Sri Venkateswara, also known as Balaji. Tirumala is situated in the group of seven hills in the Nallamalai range of the Eastern Ghats. The presiding deity here is also known as the Lord of Seven Hills. The history of the temple is a mystery, but it was known to have been patronised by the Pallavas, Cholas, Pandyas, the Vijayanagar rulers, and the King of Mysore.

The main temple is an excellent example of South Indian temple architecture. The *vimanam* over the sanctum sanctorum and the *dhwajasthambham* (temple flag mast) are plated with gold.



After a few days, Ramalinga moved on. He halted at a town where he noticed a *kummari* wailing loudly in the street. “*Yenduku yedusthunnavu?*” he asked the man.

“My son is to marry the princess!” sobbed the man.

“But that is a matter of joy, surely!” exclaimed the prince.

“Oh no!” wept the man. “In this kingdom, the princess marries every day and on every wedding night, her husband dies mysteriously. It is now my son’s turn. I know he will not return alive!”

The prince was reminded of the third bit of advice:

‘If any work seems difficult and full of danger, do it without fear and with all your might.’

He realised that it was his



Glossary

Saadhu swabhaavi - gentle

Naa daggara Inkem ledu - I have nothing more

Laksha bangaaru Nanaalu - One lakh gold coins

Vivekaanni yevaru kontaaruvu? - Who will buy wisdom?

Vajraputungaram - diamond ring

Nenu chaalaa vivekaanni kounaanu - I have bought a lot of wisdom

Moorkhudaa! - you fool!

Kummari - potter

Yenduku yedusthunnavu? - What makes you cry?

Paamulu - snakes

duty to save the potter’s son. “Let me marry the princess,” he offered. The potter agreed and the beautiful princess was married to Ramalinga.

That night, when the princess fell asleep, Ramalinga stayed awake and alert. At midnight, two *paamulu* crawled from under the bed and slithered up the bedposts.

The prince was ready. He killed them. When he began looking to find out where the snakes had come from, he discovered a gaping hole beneath the bed.

The next morning, the king was amazed to find his son-in-law alive! Ramalinga explained, “When this palace was constructed, a snake pit must have been disturbed. Maybe a snake was killed, too. These two snakes were perhaps taking revenge. Now we are free from this menace.”

The king was happier when he learnt that Ramalinga was a prince. Later, the couple returned to Warangal.

After listening to his story, King Prataparudra agreed, “The wisdom you bought has truly made you tough and wise!”

- Retold by Sumy



Smith - Go back!!

The scene would have taken anyone back to 1927 when the Indian freedom fighters were protesting against the British for setting up the Simon Commission. They had held placards saying “*Simon – Go back!*” It was a matter of their freedom and they had been clear that they wanted it at any cost.

But this scene was not set in 1927, nor were these protestors, freedom fighters. This happened in 1998. The freedom fighters had been replaced by fisherfolk, both women and men. They numbered 2,000. These fisherfolk held posters and placards and shouted slogans. The messages on the posters and placards differed here and there, but they all meant the same: ‘Smith - Go back!!’

They were protesting against a private company called Smith Cogeneration which wanted to erect a large machine to generate electricity near the sea at Bengre village, in Karnataka. These protesting fisherfolk belonged to Bengre and neighbouring villages.

On that particular day, the *companywallahs* were at the District Collector’s office to tell the fisherfolk of Bengre and neighbouring villages that this large machine would usher in wealth and prosperity. That’s exactly what they said, without sharing something else – the truth.

But, with their years of experience, the fisherfolk knew what would happen. So after the *companywallahs* finished their bit, the fisherfolk began voicing their concerns. They started by explaining what the sea meant to them. It was

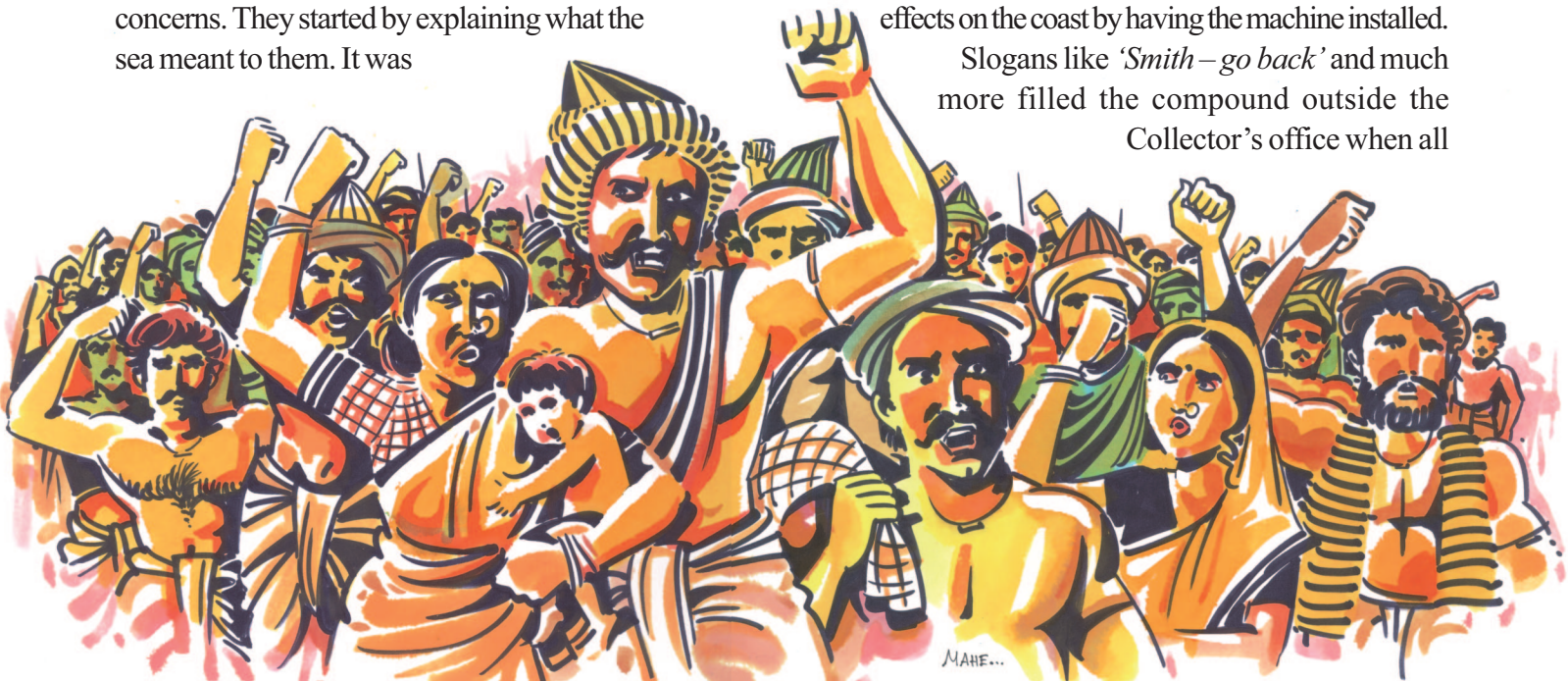
not just a source of income to them. They were emotionally attached to it as well. The sea was almost like God to them.

A few people from some voluntary organizations, which worked for the rights of the fisherfolk, were also attending the meeting that day. With their help, the fisherfolk explained what this large machine would do to the fish in the sea, and the sand on the beach. They told Mr. Smith and his men that the machine would cough out oil into the sea which would cause the fish to choke and die. And even if the fish did not die, the noise generated by the machine would surely drive them away. What would the fishermen catch then, and what would the fisherwomen sell in the market?

Meanwhile the *companywallahs* had already prepared a detailed report on the possible effects of the large machine on Bengre and other villages nearby. They had used false information to try and convince everyone that the machine would indeed help the fisherfolk of Bengre and the surrounding regions. The people from the voluntary organizations had read this report and realized that the information in it was not entirely true.

After the *companywallahs* presented their report, the friends of the fisherfolk from the voluntary groups, raised many serious objections on it. They said the report was incorrect. Also it did not look at the long term effects on the coast by having the machine installed.

Slogans like ‘*Smith – go back*’ and much more filled the compound outside the Collector’s office when all



those gathered there shouted together. The scene was chaotic. The fisherfolk were adamant in their decision: a big **NO** to Mr. Smith's large machine.

The meeting ended and the crowd dispersed. The next day, the newspapers reported the meeting. Most of them supported the fisherfolk and voluntary organizations.

But a few days later, the government told Mr. Smith and his workers to go ahead and install the large machine in Bengre. It seemed as if the fisherfolks' views did not matter!

But the fisherfolk and the voluntary organizations did not give up. Since then, they have been writing letters, making protests, and meeting a lot of important people. All this to try and stop this terrible machine from getting installed! Thankfully, the machine has not been erected in Bengre so far. However, the voices of the fisherfolk continue to echo in the corridors of *Paryavaran Bhavan* (Office of the Ministry of Environment and Forests) in New Delhi, where the approval for setting up the large machine had come from.

Industrial activities along the coast contribute to the damage and destruction of coastal areas which, in turn, effect the livelihoods of fisherfolk. Besides, today all along the Indian coast there are large motorised vessels called trawlers that undertake large-scale fishing operations. This has made it more difficult for traditional fisherfolk to earn their daily catch. The fisherfolk today have united together in opposition to all this. Some of these protests have been successful.

It is amazing to see the strength and motivation of the fisherfolk. Saving their livelihood was only one thing; they had also come together to save the sea. It was this togetherness that had a message for one and all: be united and you can face the world!

- By Kanchi Kohli

Courtesy: *The National Biodiversity Strategy and Action Plan (NBSAP) and Kalpavriksh*

Meet the Tarahumara

Come, meet an athletic tribe who pride in calling themselves *raramuri* or the fleet-footed. The Tarahumara are the fastest runners in the world and can surpass even the fastest Olympic athletes! They live in the mountains of northwest Mexico and are the only survivors of the Apache tribe.

The hard life in the mountains has made the Tarhumara a very athletic and physically strong tribe. And they display this athletic ability in a kick-ball relay sport called *rarajipari*. This has been developed into a full-fledged sporting event, in which the Tarahumara participate with pride.

The warm up to the affair starts long before the actual event. The runners eat and drink special food, and treat their legs with herbal concoctions. Shamans use spells and counter-spells to help their teams win. The non-participants get involved by placing wagers on likely winners. Household items, livestock, blanket, and shirts are staked.



Each team consists of six members. The race begins with the first member flicking a wooden ball into the air with his feet. The other men run down the course, kicking the ball along the mountainous track with their toes. They run fast and manoeuvre the ball skilfully.

Usually, the teams cover a course of eight laps, each of which spans 20 miles. Teams of men cover a distance of 200 miles in two days and nights. Women and boys run shorter races of 50 or 60 miles.

Spectators run alongside the runners. The race does not stop at night and the runners and spectators carry pine branch torches to light their path. The runners even eat and drink as they run!

LITTLE KNOWN PLACES IN INDIA

PICHAVARAM

The next time you plan a visit to Tamil Nadu, include Pichavaram in your list of places to see. It is an exquisite scenic spot that has abundant and varied tourism resources.



The Pichavaram forest has a very unique occurrence in the plant kingdom – the mangrove. The mangrove trees here are permanently rooted in the water. The mangroves of Pichavaram are considered to **be the healthiest mangrove occurrence in the world.**

The 2,800 acre forest is criss-crossed by backwaters, forming many islands. The forest is separated from the sea by a sand bar, forming a patch of extraordinary beauty. The backwaters are interconnected by the Vellar and

How to get there

Pichavaram is situated 16 km from Chidambaram. The pilgrim town of Chidambaram is well connected by rail with Chennai, Madurai, and Tiruchi. It is also connected with all major towns by road. Tiruchi is the nearest airport. The Tamil Nadu Tourism Development Corporation offers cottages and a restaurant to cater to the needs of the tourist. Bus, taxi, and auto-rickshaw services are also available.

Coleroon water systems, which provide abundant opportunities for water sports, like rowing, kayaking, and canoeing. The vast expanse of water covered with green trees is a paradise for nature lovers. Rare plant species, like the *Avicennia* and *Rhizophora*, can be found here.

When you visit Pichavaram, do not forget your binoculars and camera. This is a wonderful spot for bird watching. Many varieties of birds like watersnips, cormorants, egrets, storks, herons, spoonbills, and pelicans can be found here.

Tamil Nadu Tourism offers boating facilities to the visitors.



The following children have WON Hero cycles as prizes for their winning entries to the Hero cycle quiz published in Chandamama.

April 2002

Abhishek, Chennai.
V. Ashutosh, Mumbai.
B. Anu, Guntur.

May 2002

Viraben, Amreli.
Raju Karmarkar, Bankura.
Sonam Nagar, Ujjain.

June 2002

Atulaa, Coimbatore.
Aashray Deolikor, Mumbai.
Gobardhan Sahu, Bhadrak.

July 2002

B. A. Raghunandana, Nalgonda.
Raul Talukdar, Guwahati.
Karthik Sharma, Kottayam.

August 2002

Diptiman Behera, Bhubaneswar.
Khitish Bishwal, Kolkata.
Nirban Badu, Cuttack.

September 2002

Akash Darsh Parekh, Mumbai.
Anand Rama Kharavat, Goa.
Ganesh K.J., Karnataka.

NEWS FLASH



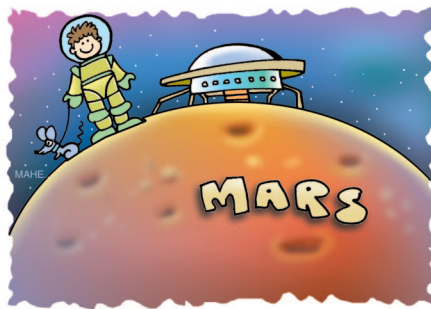
Oldest woman

Kamato Hongo of Kyushu in Japan was born on September 16, 1887, as per available records. She turned 115 last September. She was declared the world's oldest woman when Maud Farris-Luse of Michigan, USA, died on March 20 last at the age of 115 years 56 days, as mentioned in the *Guinness Book of Records*. Kamato Hongo's birthday

coincided with the 'Respect for the Aged' Day, which is observed all over Japan. Incidentally, this Japanese woman is in the habit of sleeping for two days and keeping awake the next two days. That may be the secret of her longevity!

Mice for Mars

Several experiments later, both on land and in space, it is not yet certain even now when man would be able to go to Mars. According to present calculation, it will be a 6-month non-stop journey. However, scientists are keen to find out whether man—if and when he lands on Mars—will be able to live on that planet, which has 38 per cent less gravity than on earth. Researchers in Australia and the USA, in



collaboration with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, propose to send mice to Mars some time in 2003. They feel that if mice can survive the Martian atmosphere, man too will be able to.

Rescue after 4 months

Richard van Pham, a 62-year-old Vietnamese immigrant to the USA, started from the Long Beach, California, in his sail-boat for a single day's



journey. He was 'at sea' literally and figuratively for all of four months before a US Navy warship picked him up 4,000 km away. Wouldn't you like to know how he survived? By eating turtles and fish and birds which he trapped by tying baits to the mast of his adrift boat.

A 'note-able' collection



Rajan of Calicut has been a bank employee for more than 20 years. He has a collection of currency notes which he will never part with! For, they are rare. Late one evening, a trader went to his counter to deposit some cash. Rajan accepted the notes and, on examination, he found a 100 rupee note bearing the number 660000. It was rather soiled, but he kept it aside. Some days later, another note was tendered at his counter. The number was 666666. Now he became curious and started collecting notes with such unusual numbers. Would you believe that he has notes bearing numbers like 555555, 111111, 222222, and 999999? Also 101010, 202020, 909090, 011110, 022220, 099990? Well, the following numbers are also with him: 000001, 000010, 000100, and 100000! Rajan's collection includes currencies and coins from 220 countries. And, mind you, he has never travelled abroad!

The prodigy who liberated his father

Kohor was a learned sage. He was in the habit of reciting the Vedas early in the morning after taking a bath in the river. He recited the hymns so well that the passersby would remain listening to him. Among his listeners was also his wife, Sumati, the daughter of his guru, the illustrious seer Uddalaka.

It so happened that one day Sage Kohor heard a tender exclamation, which he thought was an appreciation of his recitation. Who had made it? He did not know. Must be one of those who were passing by his hut. There were several scholars living nearby who appreciated the Vedas.

For two or three times more, Kohor heard that mysterious voice, but he did not bother about it until one day the voice made a comment which surprised him. It corrected a line which he uttered, as there was a mistake in his utterance.

He stood up and looked through the window of his room. Nobody was there outside his hut. He looked here and there; but none was within the hearing range excepting his wife Sumati.

“Who is it who spoke just now? What’s your name? Where are you?” he asked. But there was no answer. He repeated his question seven times more, but to no avail. Naturally, he got annoyed.

“Why should you be so crooked as to correct me,

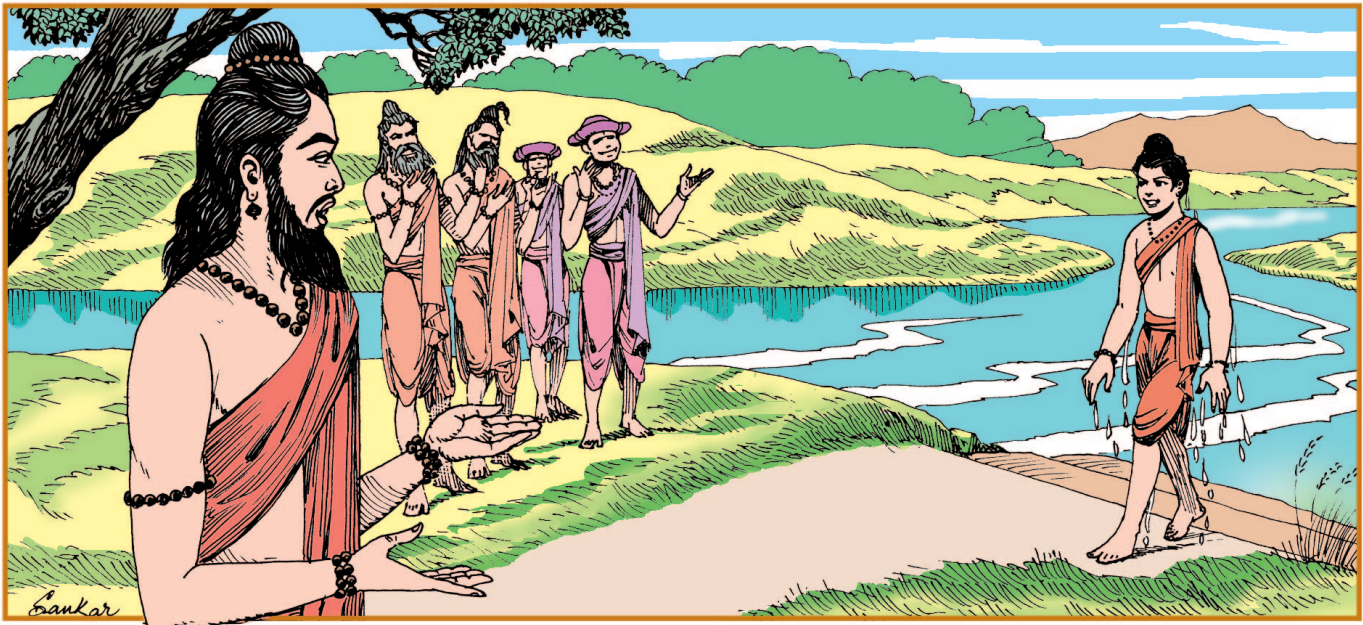
and not identify yourself? Are you a human being or a supernatural one? Whoever you may be, since you did not answer me even when I made a simple query eight times, I curse you to look crooked with eight bends in your body!” said the sage.

Soon after that he set out for the court of King Janaka. He was in need of some material wealth and he intended to request the king for help. On his arrival at the court, he saw that an illustrious scholar named Vandi was challenging several other scholars to a debate with him on some philosophical issues. But Vandi had made an unusual condition. If any scholar could defeat him in argument, he would be amply rewarded, but if defeated, the scholar must be prepared to spend the rest of his life in a house, a kind of prison, under water.

Kohor was so sure of his knowledge and ability to argue that he accepted the challenge. Unfortunately, Vandi defeated him in the debate and Kohor was sent to the under-water prison.

Soon after the sage’s departure for the royal court, his wife Sumati had given birth to a son. Alas, the child was born physically crooked. Needless to say, he had developed great knowledge of the Vedas by listening to his father’s daily recitations. And it was he who had spontaneously corrected the mistake made by the sage, while still in his mother’s womb.





The boy was called Ashtavakra, or one with eight bends in his body.

Sumati, already sad over her husband's misfortune, grew sadder to see her son born deformed. However, as the child grew up, she had every reason to be proud of him. He excelled all the well-known scholars of the locality in the Vedic lore.

Now he was twelve years of age and he got ready to pay a visit to the court of King Janaka. He was determined to prove that there were scholars greater than the proud Vandī.

The courtiers of King Janaka were amused to see the boy ready to confront the greatest scholar they all knew. Many of them were sure that something was wrong with the boy's mind just as it was with his body. But the king, who was a man of great insight himself, realised that the boy was a prodigy. He allowed him to argue with Vandī.

Initially confident of vanquishing the audacious and funny-looking boy in no time, Vandī soon found that he was being cornered again and again. All the learned people assembled in the court were amazed at the wit and wisdom of the boy. They admired him deeply. At last Vandī admitted his defeat.

"What reward do you expect?" asked the king.

"Let my father be released at once," said Ashtavakra.

That was immediately done. Sage Kohor, who had devoted all his time to meditation and yoga, had achieved new capabilities. He blessed his son and directed him to take a dip in a river. Ashtavakra did so, and when he emerged from the river, his deformities had disappeared. He was now a handsome boy.

In the course of time, Ashtavakra became very famous. He authored a work of profound wisdom. It is known as the *Ashtavakra Samhita*. - *Vindusar*



Examine
what
is said, not
who speaks.

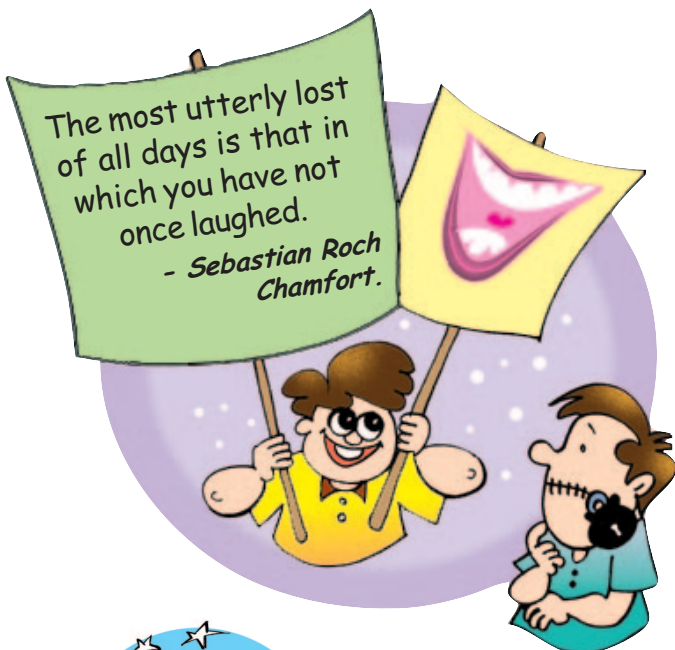
- Arabian proverb

**PROVERBS
FOR
U!**



God gives
the nuts,
but he does
not crack
them.

- German proverb



Laugh till you drop!

Teacher at the examination hall to Mintoo: "Did I see you look into Bunty's answer sheet?"
Mintoo: "I hope you did not!"



★ ★ ★



Two poets were talking in a low voice to each other. The king entered the court and asked, "What lies are you two cooking up now?"

One poet replied, "We are composing a lyric in your praise!"

★ ★ ★

Teacher: Where is South America?

Rajni: I don't know.

Teacher: Where is Greenland?

Rajni: I don't know.

Teacher: Where is Bulgaria?

Rajni: I don't know.

Teacher: Look them up in your textbook.

Rajni: I don't know where that is, either.



Every evening an old woman would come out of her house and wave a broom at the sky. A boy, who lived in the neighbourhood, soon grew curious. One evening, when she came out, he went up to her. "Just what do you think you

are doing, grandma?" he asked.

"I'm preventing the meteorites from striking our town!" she replied.

"Meteorites! I never heard of any meteorite even nearing our town!" the boy answered.

"That's because I do this every evening!" she replied.

Dushtu Dattu





JUNIOR CHANDAMAMA



CARRY-HOME TORTOISE



Long, long ago, the tortoise did not carry his home around on his back as he does now. He built his house on the ground, like we all do. Do you know why he began carrying his home on his back? Ah! That's a great story. It started one evening, when Tortoise set out for a walk. A cool breeze was blowing. He found it fun walking on such a day. He began singing loudly.

Colour the parts of this lovely scene that have been left uncoloured just for you.



He walked for many hours and reached the Big Coconut Tree, far away from his house. He stopped and looked up. And what did he see? Big black clouds in the sky!

'Oh!' he said to himself. 'It might rain! Let me hurry home.' He began walking back. But he could not reach home before it started raining. There was a heavy downpour. Thunder roared and lightning flashed. Poor Tortoise shut his eyes in fear. Soon he was thoroughly drenched and cold.



Here are some words that go
with the rainy season.
The words are jumbled.
Can you recognise them?

UDHRNET, GNGINTILH,
ODULC, AATOIRNC,
RBALULME

It was midnight when Tortoise reached home. The rain had not yet stopped. Next morning, Tortoise woke up with a high fever and a bad cold. "Aitshooo!" he sneezed, and blew his nose. "Awhooshoo!" Doctor Bear heard the loud sneeze and he rushed to see Tortoise. He gave him medicines.

Ree Rabbit brought hot milk and soup for Tortoise. "You must really learn to walk fast!" said Ree Rabbit. "The monsoon has started, and there will be rain every day. You don't want to get wet every day, do you?"

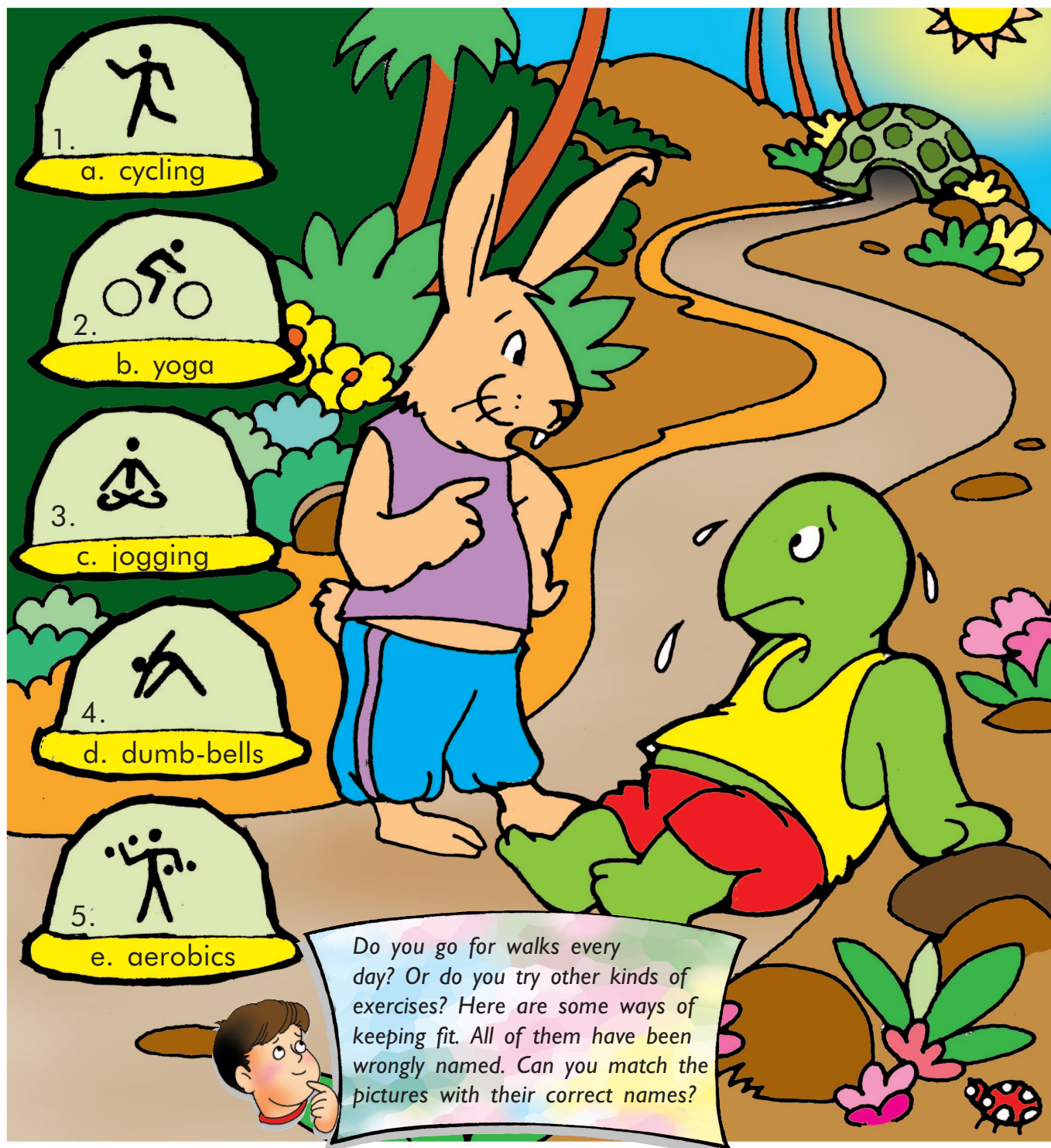


In the picture you'll find a few things a doctor does when you fall ill. Can you recognise the activities?

After a few days Tortoise felt better, and he now began trying to walk fast. He had taken just five fast steps, when he started puffing and panting.

After the seventh step, he fell flat on the ground. "This won't work," he sighed. "My legs are short. I can't walk fast."

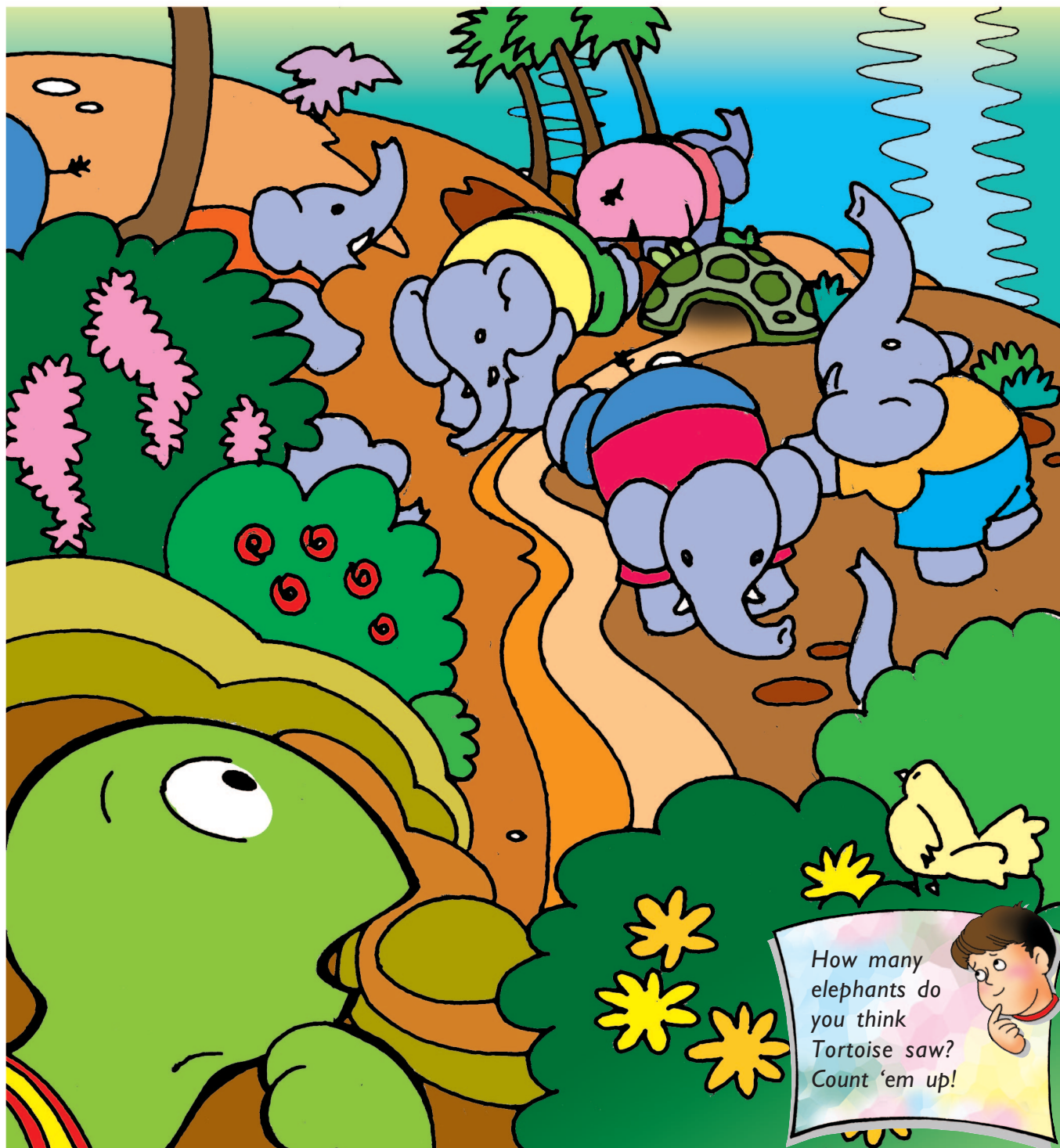
"Then stay close to your house so that you can reach it quickly," advised Ree Rabbit. Tortoise nodded.



Once the rainy season was over, Tortoise forgot this advice. He began going out on long walks again.

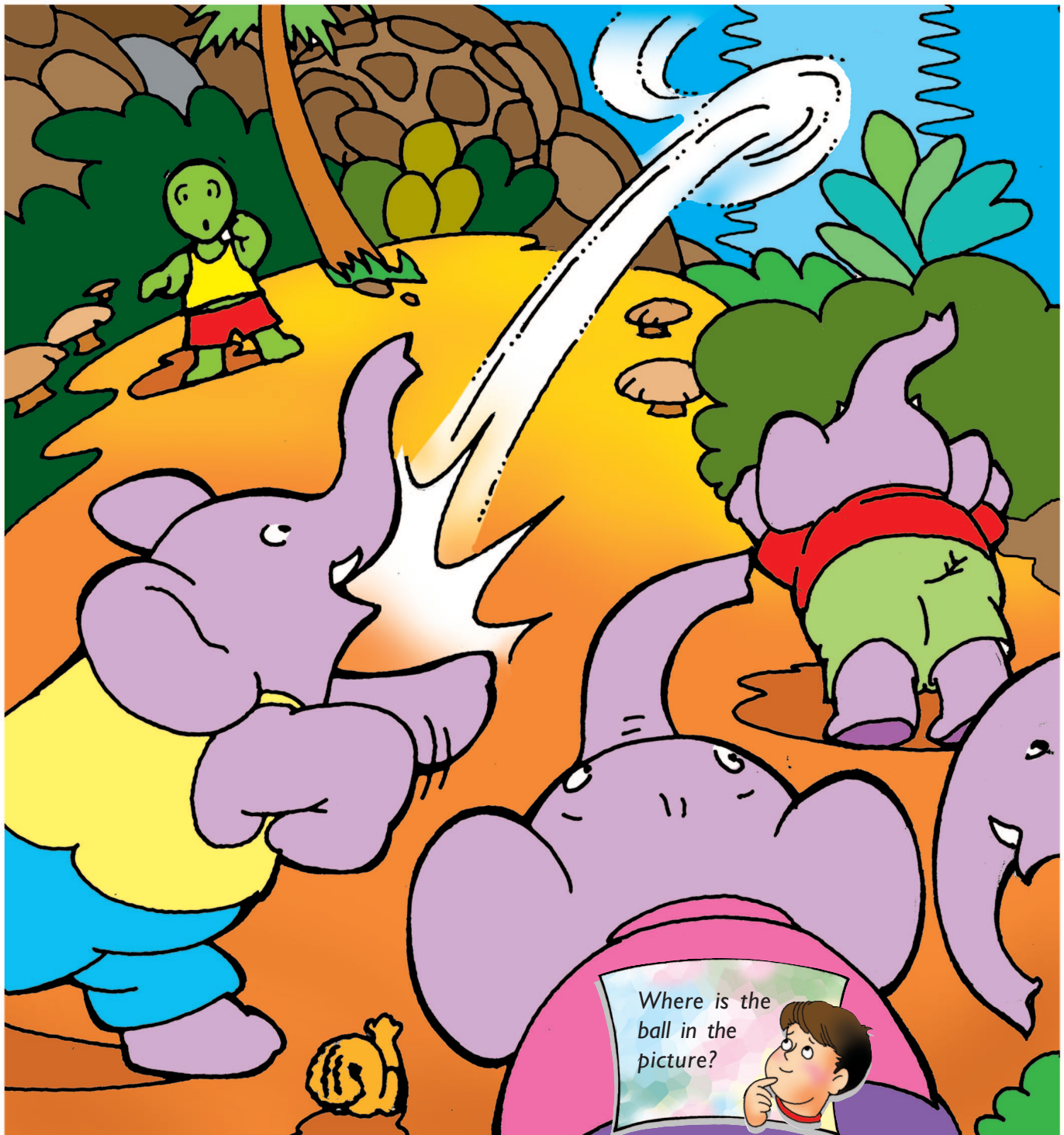
One day, after he walked up to the Big Coconut Tree, he turned round to go back home. What a shock he got! Far away, he saw big elephants. They were near his house. They seemed to be playing.

'Oh dear!' wondered Tortoise. 'Aren't they too close to my house? I hope they don't damage it while playing.' He began walking fast.



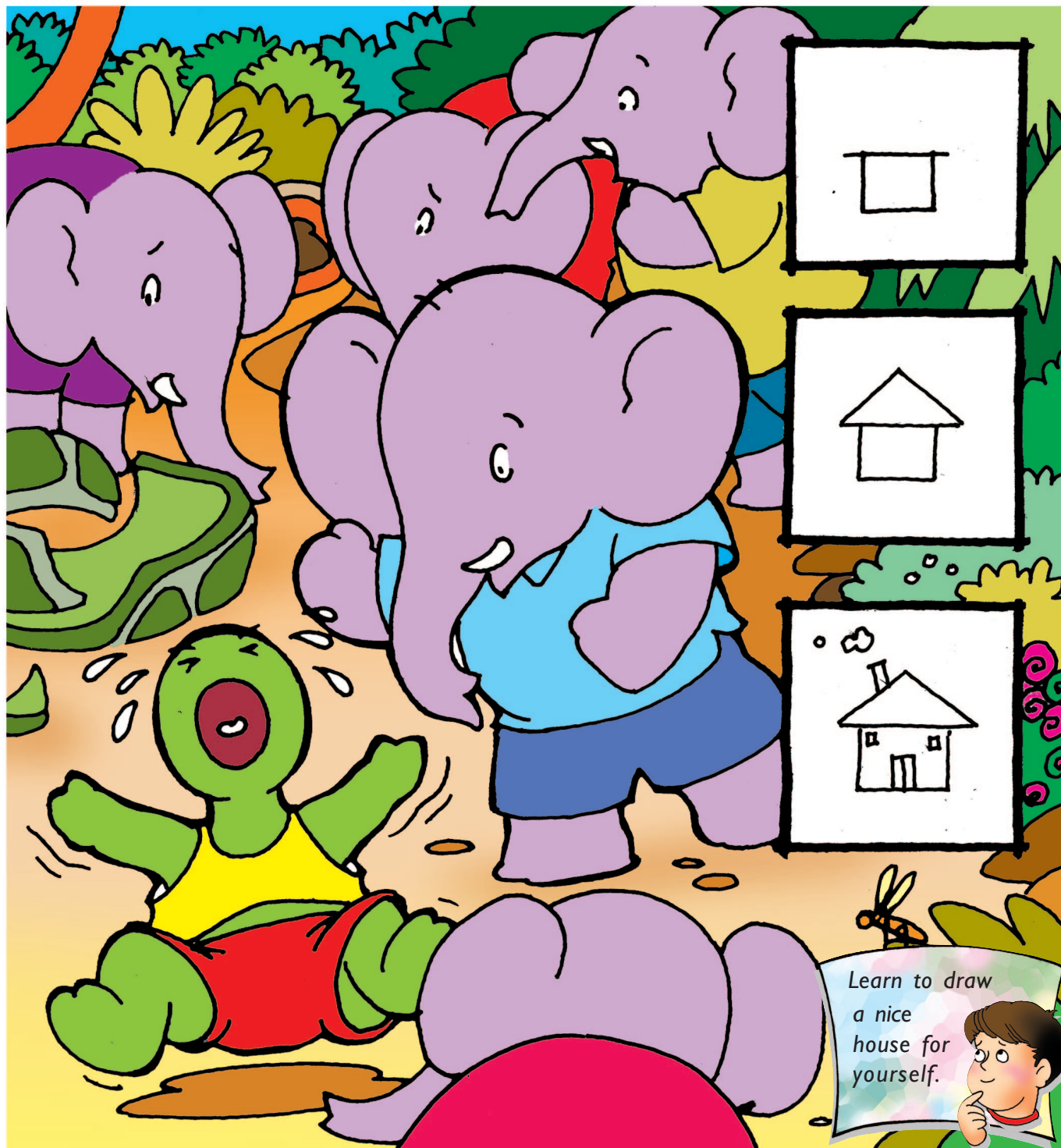
When he went closer, he was horrified to see the elephants playing football. And what was their football? It was Tortoise's house! "Stop, stop! That's not a ball. That's my house!" he cried. But the elephants were making so much noise that they did not hear his small voice.

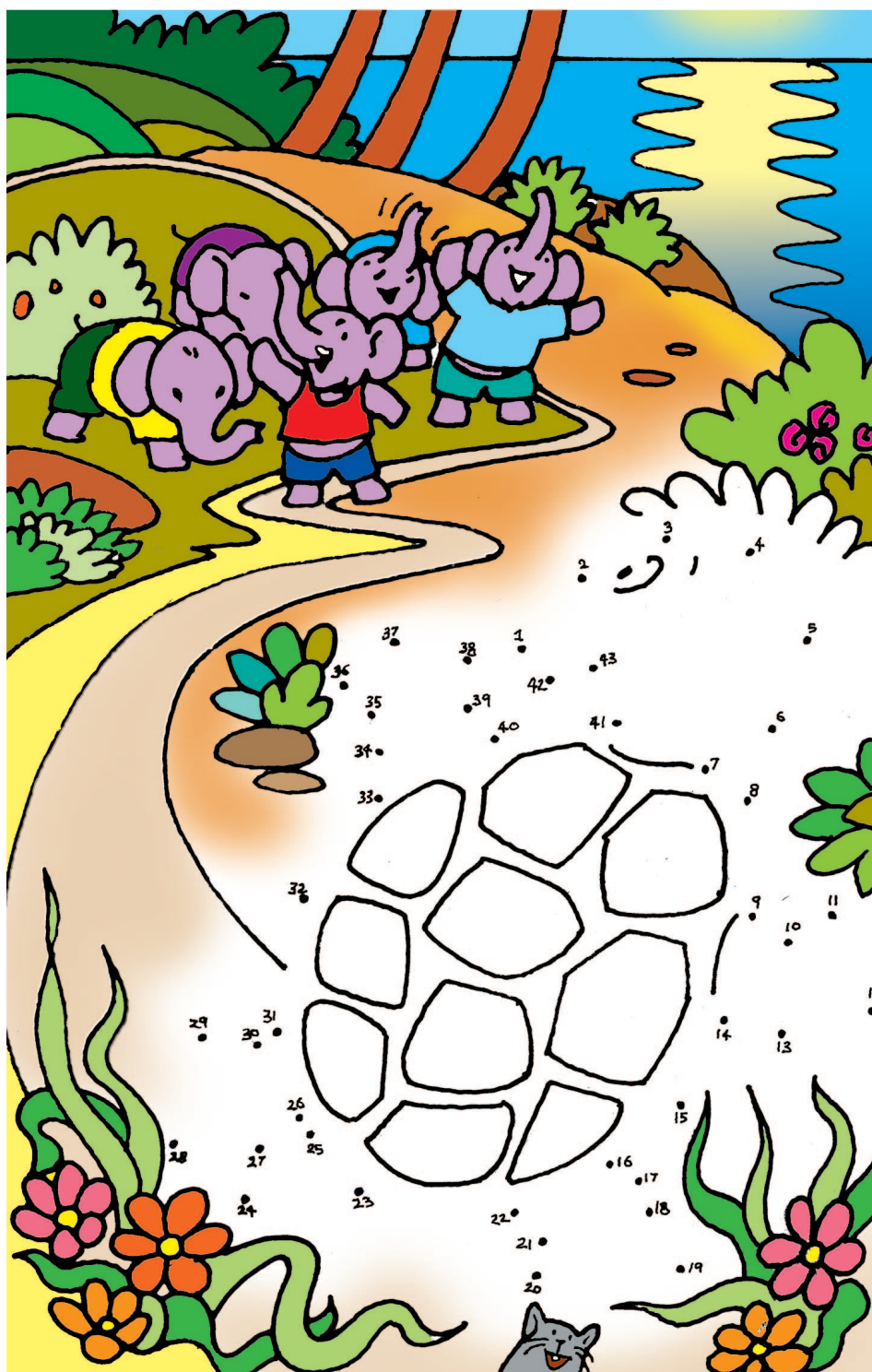
Then, one naughty fellow kicked Tortoise's house so high and far that it flew into the bushes and was lost. "Oh no!" cried the elephants. "Where has our ball gone?"



"Boo..hoo..hoo! That's not a ball! That was my house! What shall I do now?" wailed Tortoise. It was only now that the elephants heard him. They were upset to learn that they had played with Tortoise's house.

"We're sorry. We didn't mean to break it. We shall make another house for you," they said. "We shall make it nice and warm and strong!"





"But make it a light one," said Tortoise. "For I'll be carrying it on my back from now," he said firmly. "You see I'm too slow to get back home before a shower. And too small to stop folks from playing ball with it!"

The elephants felt ashamed. They made a light and beautiful house for him. Then they strapped it to his back.

And since then, all tortoises have carried their homes on their back. When it rains, or when some animal troubles them, they get inside their house wherever they are. And then they are warm and safe!

- By Sumy

Join the dots to complete the picture of the happy tortoise with the house on his back.



ANSWERS

Page - 4: 1 - c, 2 - a, 3 - b,
4 - e, 5 - d.

Page - 5: 8.

Page - 6: Look among the

bushes behind Tortoise!

Page-2 : THUNDER, LIGHTNING, CLOUD,
RAINCOAT, UMBRELLA.

Page-3: feeling the pulse, using a stethoscope, taking the

temperature, giving an injection, writing a

prescription.

Garuda the Invincible

23

Art : PAANI

After Narendradeva and son Ravindradeva are declared traitors, Aditya goes after them. On reaching Sarpadesa, he sends one group of men to survey the place. They apprehend a young tribal couple. Aditya reveals to them that he, and not the tribal youth who has the same name, is the person the Tantrik is searching for. The commander and his men, who are escorted by the tribal chief, board boats to cross the river.

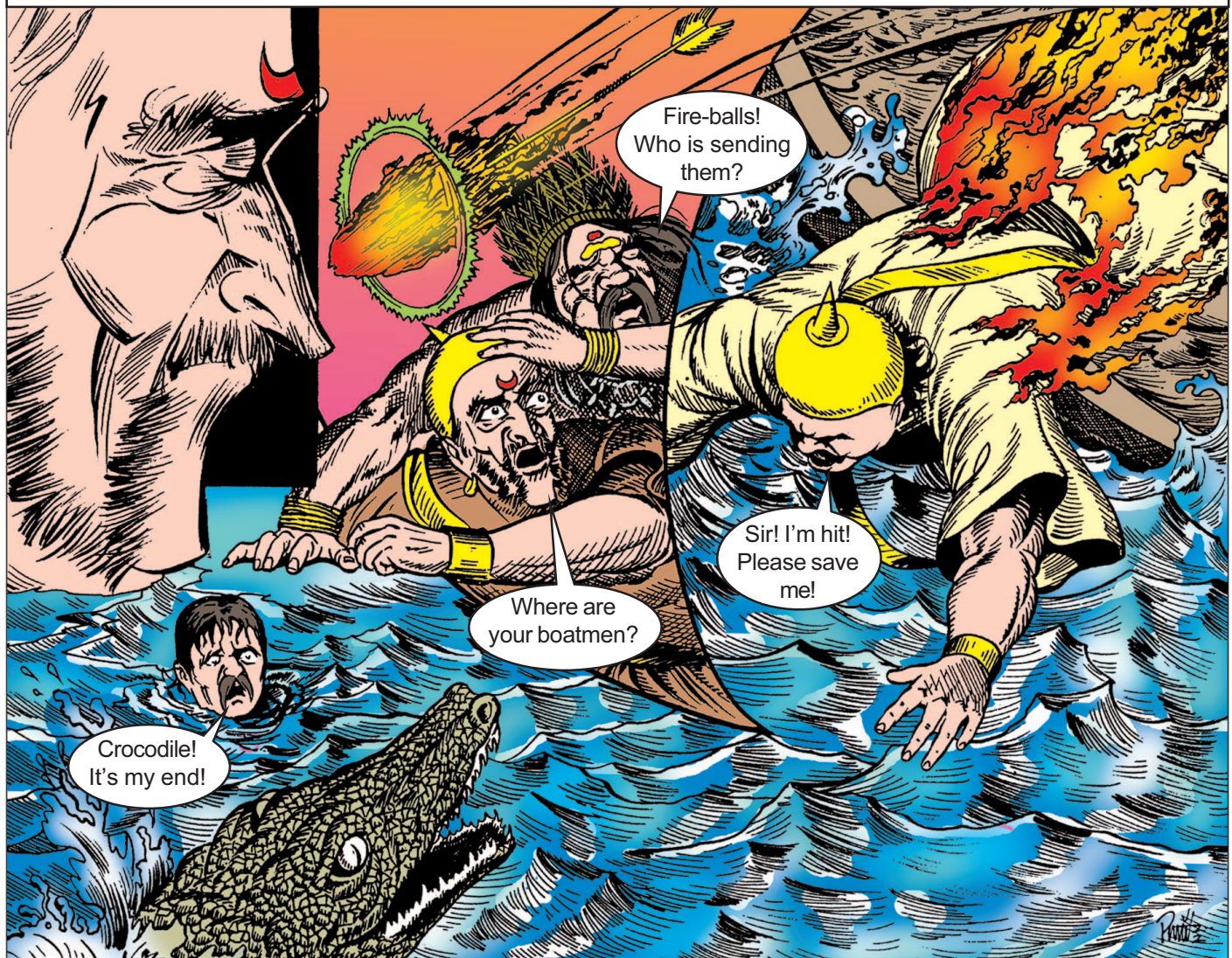


A moonlit night, coupled with a cool breeze and the humming of the boatmen soon lull the travellers to a deep slumber.





Narendradeva and his men take time to react. The boatmen jump into the river to escape the fire-balls. They are attacked by crocodiles.







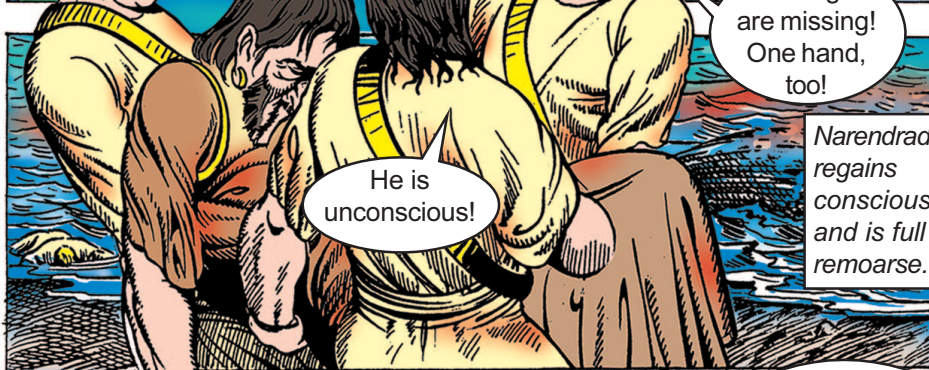
The tribal chief is torn to pieces by hungry crocodiles. What is left of his body sinks to the bed of the river, which is now blood-red.

Thank God, we could rescue him!

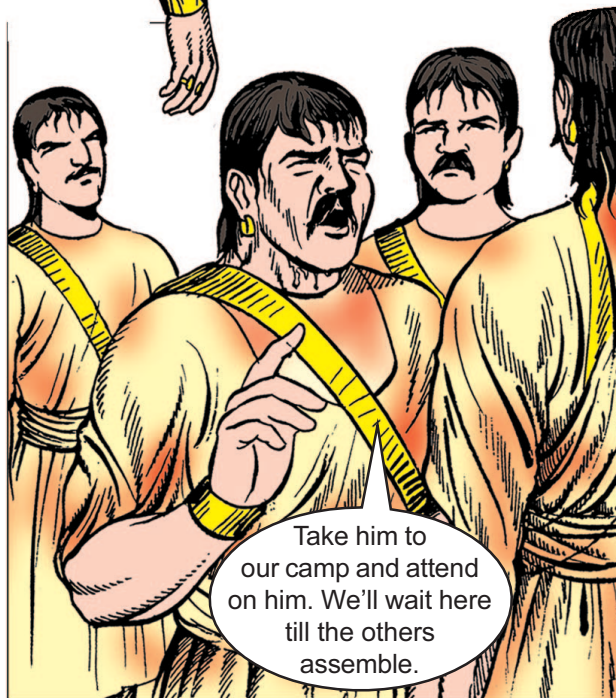
His legs are missing! One hand, too!

He is unconscious!

Narendradeva regains consciousness and is full of remorse.



I've sinned! I'm a traitor and I don't wish to live any longer! Please put an end to my life, please!



Take him to our camp and attend on him. We'll wait here till the others assemble.



The revolting tribesmen gather around the fire-pit and start singing and dancing.

(To continue)

Dear eco friends,



We heard something shocking recently. We read that the paint brushes that many of us use may be made of mongoose hair. Many thousands of mongooses are killed to make paintbrushes. Do you feel like giving up painting altogether on reading this? Don't! All you need to do is learn to identify mongoose hairbrushes from nylon ones and switch to the nylon ones.

Love
KOPRA KUTTY

Shockwaves!

Articles in newspapers and various websites have recently reported that thousands and thousands of mongooses are being killed for their hair. Mongoose hair, though banned by law, is used on a large scale to make paintbrushes.

Almost 1,000 kg of hair was uncovered in nationwide raids conducted with the help of the voluntary group, Wildlife Trust of India (WTI), in towns in Uttar Pradesh besides Delhi, Chennai, Kolkata, and Mumbai. The biggest seizure, assisted by WTI, took place at Moradabad



where the haul was equivalent to 50,000 dead mongooses.

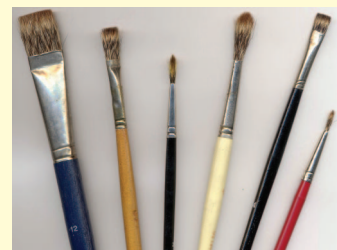
According to Ashok Kumar, Senior Advisor and Trustee, Wildlife Trust of India: "A survey of stationery shops has revealed that many of them carry mongoose hair brushes. This would be totally illegal and the nearest wildlife warden, forest officer and the police should be informed."

Action!



The Ministry of Environment and Forests acted swiftly on the basis of evidence gathered by the Wildlife Trust of India. On September 30, 2002, it issued an order, which in effect offered greater protection to all species of genus *Herpestes* (mongooses). According to the new directive, the penalty for violation of law with regard to the species is imprisonment for a term not less than one year but can extend to six years or seven years if the charge is illegal trade.

Know your paintbrush!



According to the Wildlife Trust of India, an easy way of identifying the mongoose hair paintbrush from other brushes is to look at the colour of the bristles of the brush. The mongoose hair has alternating bands of light and dark shades running along each strand of hair. All other brushes have single coloured bristles.

Alternatives

Nylon brushes! Aren't they biodegradable? No. But is it fair to kill mongooses for their hair only because the alternative to mongoose hair brushes are nonbiodegradable? These are tricky issues with no easy answers. If the use of mongoose hair paintbrushes is not stopped, then this animal will be lost to the earth and we will not be able to bring back the species.



Courtesy : Ashok Kumar
Senior Advisor and Trustee, Wildlife Trust of India
Visit www.wildlifetrustofindia.org

In Treta Yuga, three kings—Kosala, Kekeya, and Vasumitra—were on friendly terms. They had a daughter each named Kausalya, Kaikeyi, and Sumitra. Dasaratha, the young King of Ayodhya, had already earned a name and fame for himself. Little wonder then that the three kings wished to make him their son-in-law. When the proposal went to Dasaratha, he accepted it and sent word of his willingness to marry the three princesses.

The kings then called on sage Jaimini with a request that he chose an auspicious day for the wedding. After studying the birth charts of the princesses and taking into consideration the planetary positions and movements, the sage said, “I foresee a day when the princesses will be married in the presence of Lord Vighneswara. However, let me warn you. They may be harmed by the activities of some demons. I would, therefore, advise them to be vigilant till the day of the wedding.”

On hearing this, the three kings were worried about the safety of their daughters and thought of various ways to ensure that they are not harmed by any demon. Ultimately, they had a large box made and put the princesses inside and kept it safe under lock and key.

Sage Narada came to know of their impending wedding. And as was his wont, he called on Ravana and said, “O Lord of Lanka! King Dasaratha of Ayodhya is soon to get married. I hope you remember the curse that his son would be instrumental to your death.”

After the sage had taken leave of him, Ravana sent for Mahodara, a demon of huge size. He was asked to go and bring the three princesses to Lanka. He went in search of them and found out that they were being kept

safe in a box. He managed to get hold of the box. He now thought of taking it to Lanka across the ocean. As he was capable of flying, he swallowed the box and started. He had reached only half way when he suffered a terrible stomach ache. He spat out the box containing the princesses.

The box fell into the sea and was tossed this way and that. King Dasaratha was at that time travelling in a large boat. He was anxious to reach land and was peering at the horizon when he saw the strange sight of a huge box,

which was getting closer and closer to the boat. The box hit against the boat with such force that its lid opened to reveal the three princesses inside.

A rope ladder was then lowered into the box and the princesses were helped to climb into the boat one after the other. At that very moment, Vighneswara appeared there and performed the wedding of Dasaratha with the three princesses. After the wedding, the Lord disappeared, and the king proceeded to Ayodhya with the princesses.

Weeks and months passed. Dasaratha performed the Putrakameshti yaga and he was

blessed with four sons. The eldest of them, Ramachandra, son of Kausalya, at the instance of his step-mother Kaikeyi, went away to spend fourteen years in exile in the forest. He was accompanied by his wife Sita and brother Lakshmana.

When they were living in the forest, Ravana succeeded in kidnapping Sita. Rama was then helped by Hanuman and Sugriva, the monkey princes, to reach Lanka where in a fierce battle, Rama fought Ravana and killed him and rescued Sita.

The Story of Ganesa



12. Hanuman humbled

On his way back to Ayodhya on conclusion of the fourteen years of self-exile, Rama took a dip in the holy waters of the Sethu, and wished to instal a Siva linga for worshipping the Lord. He sent Hanuman to Kailas, the abode of Siva, to fetch a Siva linga. At Kailas, Hanuman chose the biggest of all lingas. Unfortunately, however much he tried, he was unable to lift it. In fact, he could not lift even the smallest of the lingas he found in Kailas. Time was running short, and Hanuman was perturbed over his failure.

Suddenly, he saw a young lad approaching him. “May I know who you are?” he asked of Hanuman. “If I am not mistaken, are you not Hanuman? But, then, how could Hanuman be in Kailas? I must be mistaken!” he said by way of aside.

“My boy, you’re not mistaken. I’m Hanuman. My Lord, Rama, had sent me here to fetch a Siva linga. But, tell me, who are you?” asked Hanuman.

“Oh! I keep a watch over the lingas here. I have heard that Hanuman is an incarnation of Siva and as he has five faces, he is also called Anjaneya,” said the lad. “If you are Anjaneya, where are your other four faces?” the youngster queried.

Suddenly, Hanuman turned into a huge figure with four more faces—those of Garuda (eagle), Varaha (boar), lion, and horse—and appeared as Panchamukha Anjaneya. He smiled at the lad and told him, “Vighneswara, I’ve showed you my five faces; now it is your turn to show me your own five-faced figure!”

Vighneswara now assumed his Viswaroopa. Hanuman

was overawed. He prostrated before the Lord. “Even when you appeared as a lad, I knew you are Vighneswara. Could I now have one of those lingas, for which I have come all the way to Kailas?”

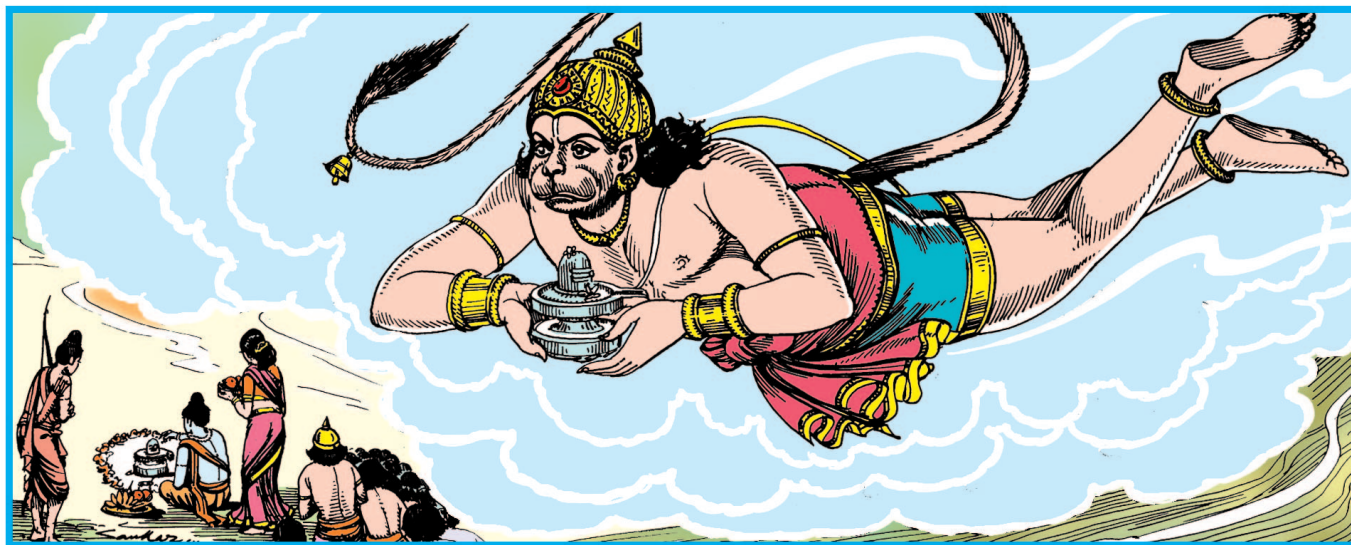
“O Hanuman! I wanted to have the *darshan* of the five-faced Anjaneya,” said Vighneswara. “All this drama was enacted only to satiate my curiosity. You’re very much a part of Siva. Do you think anyone can prevent you from taking away any of the lingas? Still you found it proper to make a formal request for one. So, I shall give you the very best among them.” Vighneswara then picked up the largest one and handed it to Hanuman, who took it with great reverence and began his return journey.

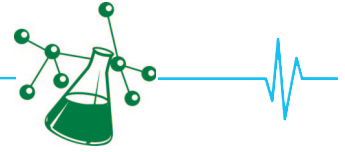
All this had taken some time and Rama was getting impatient. Without waiting for Hanuman, Sita made a Siva linga of clay. Rama consecrated it with holy water and began reciting *mantras* marking the start of his worship.

When Hanuman saw this, he felt ashamed of himself. Overcome by frustration, he tried to pull out the clay linga with his tail. But it stood like a piece of rock.

Rama was all the while watching Hanuman’s actions out of frustration and anger. He turned to Hanuman and said, “My friend, even intelligent persons would sometimes commit mistakes. You possess great knowledge. Though this is clay, it represents the Lord. Nobody can play with the Lord’s images. No, you’re not late; you may instal the linga you have brought next to the clay one. I shall worship both.”

(To continue)





Earthquake



The very mention of the word makes one nervous. True, the devastation caused by earthquakes to lives and property is immense. The sudden shift or movement of the earth's crust causes earthquakes. This happens when the crust is under tremendous strain. Earthquakes are also caused by volcanic activity.

Earthquakes are classified on the basis of their magnitude. It is the measurement of an earthquake in terms of its energy. When the magnitude is less than 5.0, it is considered as light; when the magnitude measures between

5.0 and 6.9 it is a moderate quake. A magnitude of 7.0 to 7.9 is known as great and of 8.0 and above, very great. The instrument used to record this is known as the Richter Scale. Intensity is the effect of an earthquake at a particular place. The epicentre is the point on the surface of the earth vertically above the place of origin of the earthquake. The point within the earth from where seismic activities originate is known as the focus or hypocentre.



Euglena

Have you ever come across a life form that is an animal and a plant at the same time? The euglena is a spindle-shaped microscopic organism found in fresh water ponds. It belongs to the class of Protozoa or one-celled animals. It is also classified among simple plants like algae, as it produces food on its own.

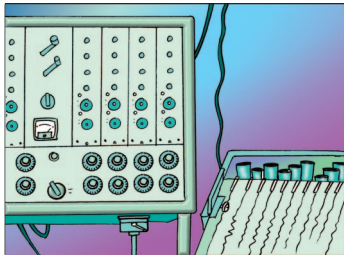
A thick and flexible membrane called pellicle covers the cell. The euglena moves around by lashing out a threadlike flagellum. Another small thread-like structure connects the flagellum to the nucleus. The nucleus controls the functions of the cell.

A red eyespot in the cell is made up of a pigment called hematochrome. It shades the cell from excess light and regulates the amount of light necessary for producing food through photosynthesis. The chlorophyll for photosynthesis is contained in cellular bodies called plastids within the cell. The food produced is stored as starch in irregular-shaped masses.





Electroencephalograph



If that is quite a tongue twister, you can simply call it the EEG. Did you know that electrical activity is always happening in the nerve tissues of the brain? An EEG is an apparatus used to record this.

It records the changes in electrical potential or voltage of the brain by amplifying it and tracing it down in a wave-like pattern. These markings are known as electroencephalograms.

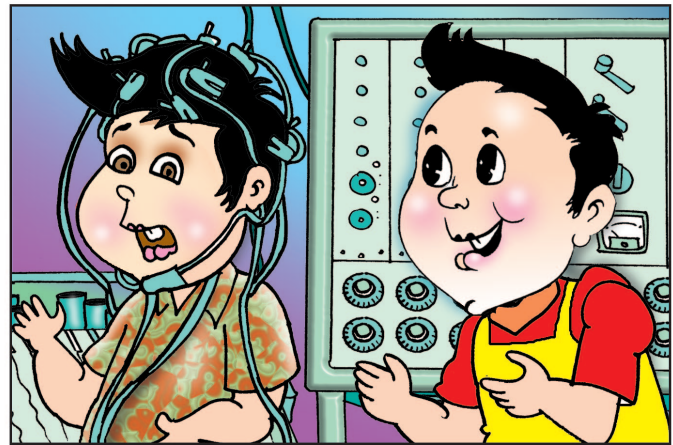
The EEG is made up of a vacuum tube that has a sensitive pen attached to it.

Whenever there is even a minor change in the potential, the pen makes a recording on the paper.

The electrodes in the EEG are fixed on a patient's scalp with a special conductive paste. Their other ends are attached to a junction box that has 16 or more connections. These

connections or terminals are labelled to indicate which part of the brain they are connected to. The electrodes conduct the current in the brain to the pen.

The recordings are made from the scalp through the skull and not the brain directly. The



values obtained are not exact but a reduced form of the original.

EEG is used in diagnosing mental disorders and in detecting organic abnormalities. For a normal person, the wave frequency pattern is 8-12 peaks per second.

Activity

Hi folks! Here's an interesting activity. Given below are some sentences. You have to fill in the blanks. Here's a clue – all the words begin with the word 'ELECTRO'. So get going!

1. The electrical instrument that is used to record the activity of the heart muscles is **ELECTRO** _____.
2. The process of putting a protective layer of metal on the surface of other metals to avoid rusting is known as **ELECTRO** _____.
3. An **ELECTRO** _____ detects small currents of electricity and tells us whether the charges are negative or positive.
4. The study of static electricity is known as **ELECTRO** _____.
5. An **ELECTRO** _____ is a subatomic particle of matter.

Answers : 1. Electrocardiograph 2. Electroplating 3. Electroscope 4. Electrostatics 5. Electron

HE WHO MADE GOOD



The three strapping young lads walked into the sprawling bungalow that was their house. Their father, the prosperous trader Dhananjay, watched them with fatherly pride. ‘They are such robust and bright boys!’ he thought. ‘They will have a great future.’

That set him thinking. What would they like to be? ‘Maybe if I know their aspirations, I can help set them up in life.’ So he called them to his side. “What would you like to do for a living, my children?”

The eldest son, Ravikanth replied, “I’ve given this a lot of thought and I think, in today’s world only professionals can survive. I’d like to study medicine and become a doctor.”

The father promised to give him the money he needed to study medicine. He then turned to his second son Shashikanth. “What would *you* like to be?”

“Father, I would like to follow in your worthy footsteps,” the boy replied. “I feel I can prosper in trade. The goodwill that you have earned in the last several years will be in my favour!”

Naturally, Dhananjay was very happy with this answer. He made up his mind to give his second son all the support he could.

He then turned to Chandrakanth, his third son. “My son, would you be a professional or a trader?”

“Father,” said the young lad looking at his father with bold, blazing eyes, “neither a professional nor a businessman can do much without a large dose of luck and a lot of cleverness. And neither knowledge nor

commerce alone can bring prosperity.”

“I don’t think so, my son!” the trader tried to argue. “Luck is all very fine, but it won’t help if you don’t have knowledge or the backing of a business house.”

But Chandrakanth would not agree. They argued back and forth till the father’s voice grew hoarse and the son’s temper grew heated. “I’ll prove my point!” yelled the young lad, furiously gritting his teeth. “And I won’t come back home till I do.” Off he marched into the sunset leaving the father gaping.

Chandrakanth picked up his purse, grabbed a small sword, hopped on to his horse, and rode off in a gallop. Soon he left the town behind in a cloud of dust. Man and animal kept to the road that led to the capital city of the kingdom. In a day they were at the city gates. The young man rode right in and made his way to King Swarnagupta’s court. He stormed into the king’s presence leaving the unwary guards gaping after him. “My lord!” he shouted, and his voice rang all around the court. “My lord, I’ve some very important news for you that can be conveyed only to you.”

The king was impressed by the young man’s bold and confident countenance. “Come forward and tell me what you wish to!” he said.

Chandrakanth strode forward with a spring in his step; the courtiers were much perturbed. What could he be up to?

They stirred uncomfortably in their seats. Chandrakanth went up to the king and whispered for a long time in his ears, looking at the prime minister all the while. Naturally, he almost burst with curiosity. ‘Could

he be complaining about me?’ he wondered.

Well, we all know that corruption and power go hand in hand. All the courtiers of King Swarnagupta were quite corrupt. So, when Chandrakanth looked pointedly at the prime minister, he grew quite nervous. After the court dispersed, he sought the young man and asked him what he had been telling the king. Chandrakanth, of course, was waiting for just this. He looked impressively secretive and refused to commit anything. The prime minister said, “Please take these thousand gold coins, but don’t tell the king anything about me!” Chandrakanth winked as he accepted the money.

The next day he again appeared in the court and this time, as he spoke to the king, he looked intently at another courtier. Now this man met him outside the palace and paid him money for keeping mum.

This happened every day for several months. He would visit the court and speak to the king, looking at one of the courtiers, and that trembling man would pay him to keep quiet. Soon, Chandrakanth had made a neat pile of money for himself. He had also become a powerful man in the court of King Swarnagupta. But unlike the other courtiers, he did not misuse his power and his influence with the king. The king consulted him on all important issues. The people of the kingdom found him easy of access and a patient listener, and they loved him too. Two years flew by.

Back in his hometown, life had not been too kind to Dhananjay. His business flagged as more competitors took the town by storm with new fangled products. His eldest son, now a doctor, could not capitalise on his professional education either. The other established doctors in the town made sure that his practice did not flourish. As for the second son, when the father’s business lost its goodwill in



the town, his own trade just did not stand any chance!

Dhananjay sat staring bleakly into space, remembering the glorious days of the past. A thought suddenly struck him. ‘What could have happened to my young lad, Chandrakanth? Where would he be?... How is he faring?’ And he suddenly wanted to see him.

In the king’s court, Chandrakanth too was reminded of his father. ‘I’ve proved my point to him.. but he won’t know that, poor father!’ And a wave of tenderness swept over him.

After the transactions of the court were over, he went up to the king: “My lord, I would like to go to my hometown and spend some time with my family. It is more than two years since I saw my father last...” The king readily permitted him to go.

Chandrakanth bought gifts for every member of his family and started back for his hometown.

How surprised Dhananjay was when he heard a familiar voice call out “Father!” He turned around and looked into the eyes of his youngest son. His eyes welled up with tears. “Where did you go away, my child?” The entire family gathered and rejoiced over the return of Chandrakanth. And on hearing his whole story, Dhananjay was only too glad to concede that Chandrakanth had been right. To prosper in this world, one requires, besides education and wealth, a large dose of luck and a dash of worldly wisdom.

And this time when Chandrakanth left for the capital city, he took with him his entire family!





CARDS GALORE

It's that season of the year again. Time to greet and wish friends and relatives. What can give your dear ones greater joy than receiving a card made by you! First you must prepare your card. For this, take a white or light-coloured chart paper. And then cut out several pieces twice the size of a standard greeting card. Fold over in the middle.

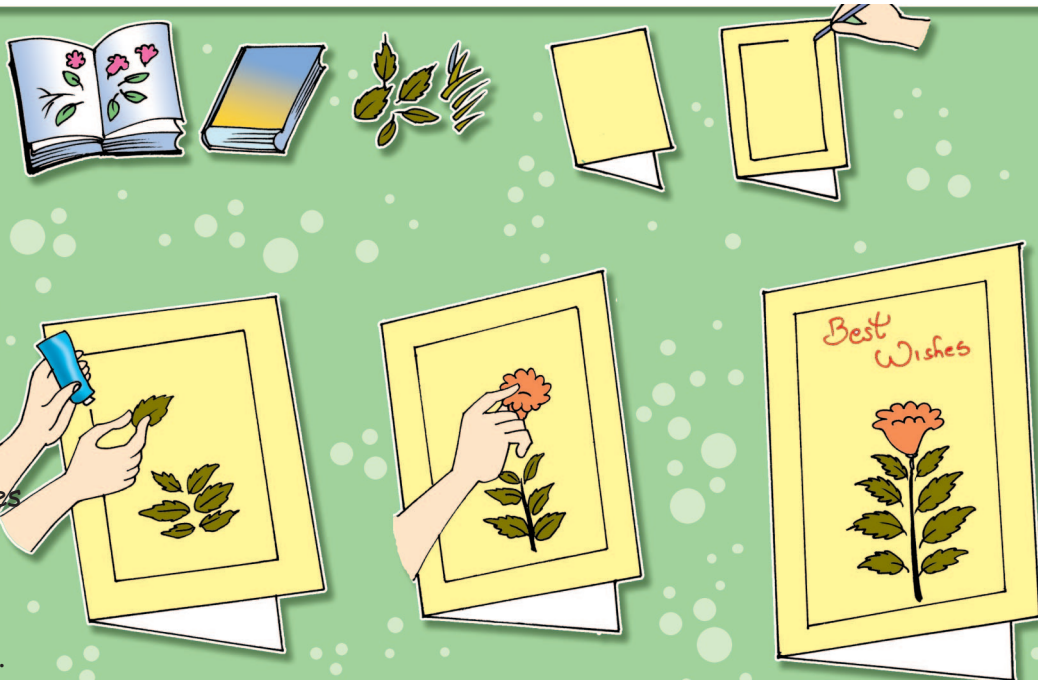
Collect leaves and flowers of different kinds. Leave them inside a heavy book for a few days until they are dried.

Draw a colourful border on the card.

Glue the flowers and leaves on the card.

Touch up the images with felt pens to brighten them.

Your card is ready.



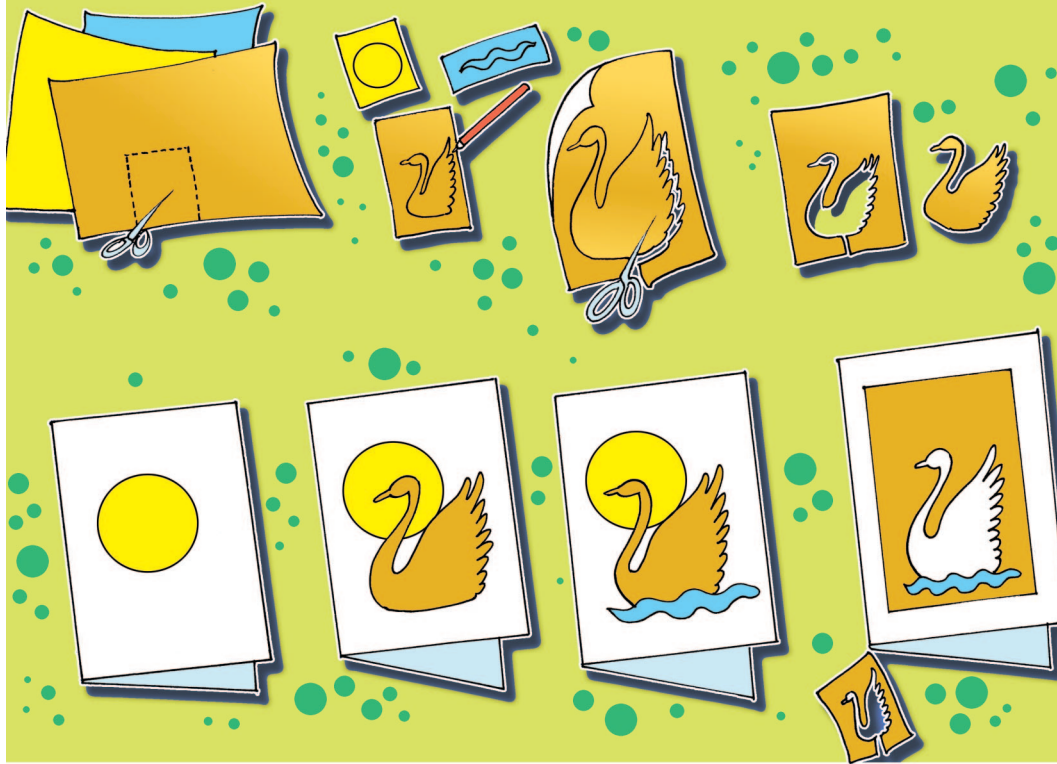
Paint the card with watercolours of different hues. Wait until the paint dries. Now use black watercolour to draw simple strokes. We have given you a few suggestions. You can let your imagination go flying and create more such simple drawings. Wow! Don't they look great? Fly it off by mail to a dear friend.



You might strike upon novel ideas to create cards with different materials, like tiny seashells, beads, ribbons, and lace. Go ahead and have a fun festival time!

How about making two cards at one go? Buy two or three sheets of felt paper of different colours. Cut out a rectangle and draw the outline of a swan on it.

Snip off the image without damaging the rectangle. You can use it to create another card. Cut out a large circle and paste it on the card. Paste the swan over this circle.



Cut out a wavy pattern and paste it beneath the swan. And there you are!

A cute little card is ready.

Now, pick up the rectangle from which you cut out the swan. Paste it on another card. Use a wave pattern to hide the cut portion. Yet another card is ready.

Pick up a red felt paper, a wad of cotton, beady eyes (available in shops), glue and black felt pen.

Draw the shapes on the felt paper as shown here and cut them out.

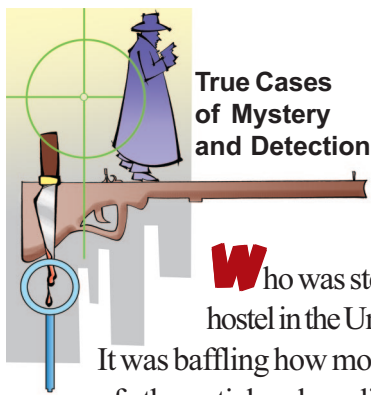
Glue them on the card one below the other.

Stick the beady eyes right below the cap. Shape two pieces of cotton into a bushy moustache and fluffy beard. Glue them below the eyes. Trim Santa's coat and cap with more cotton. Finally, draw a belt on his coat with felt pen. Sign the card and mail it.



MAHE...

Will you send us a sample of your effort?



THE LOVELY LIE

Who was stealing away things from the girls' hostel in the University of California at Berkeley? It was baffling how money, jewellery, clothes and a host of other articles clean disappeared! No stranger was ever seen entering the dormitory. Could it then be that one of the inmates herself was at the back of the mischief?

The college authorities suggested that the students should sort out the matter themselves and find the culprit without seeking the assistance of the police. So, the young amateur sleuths geared themselves up. All day long they were alert and kept an eye on one another's movements. During the night, they patrolled the entire premises. Alas, even then the thefts continued to be reported. Finally, Margaret Taylor, one of the boarders, was at her wit's end and lodged a formal complaint with the police.

Officer William Wiltberger was assigned to investigate this unusual case. He first went round the shops selling second-hand goods with the hope of finding the stolen things. Apparently, the thief had been clever enough not to dispose of them in such an obvious manner. He then questioned the inmates of the hostel, ninety girls in all. They were found to have come from well-to-do and good families. So, he saw no reason why any of them would want to pilfer such ordinary things for any monetary gain. Anyway the mischief-maker had to be hunted out somehow.

The policeman had a good friend in fellow officer John A. Larson. So, one day he called on him and discussed the case. Twenty-three-year-old Larson was a man of innovations. He had

under his cap a graduation degree from Boston University and a doctorate from the University of California. He was, in fact, a medical student and had become interested in criminology while working on his thesis on human fingerprints and heredity. For, these subjects were closely linked to the courses of his studies in biology, physiology, and psychiatry. Later, the Chief of the Police persuaded him to join his department where he had ample scope to carry out his research in the line of his newfound interest, criminology. Though eventually he became a medical doctor.

But why did Wiltberger go to Larson for help? Did he know any novel method to find out the culprit? Indeed, for this genius of a man had been working on a unique device that could detect whenever someone uttered a lie!

The theory was that, whenever someone tells a lie, he is under some amount of stress which brought about

spontaneous changes in the physical reactions of the person. So, a series of sensors were attached to his body while he answered questions. The sensors measured changes in his breathing, blood pressure, pulse, and even perspiration. Simultaneously, pens attached to the sensors went on recording the data on a roll of graph paper. After the examination, the expert interpreted the readings and drew his conclusions.

This lie detector that Larson had developed later came to be known as a polygraph, literally



meaning “many writings”. For, that exactly was what the machine produced, a host of lines on a scrolling piece of paper. Though now, in modern times, both the data and the result can directly be read on a computer screen.

Wiltberger requested Larson to set up his apparatus in the university campus. All the ninety inmates of the hostel were summoned to his presence.

“Good day, gentle ladies,” the young detective greeted them. “May I have your consent to carry out the lie detection test on all of you?”

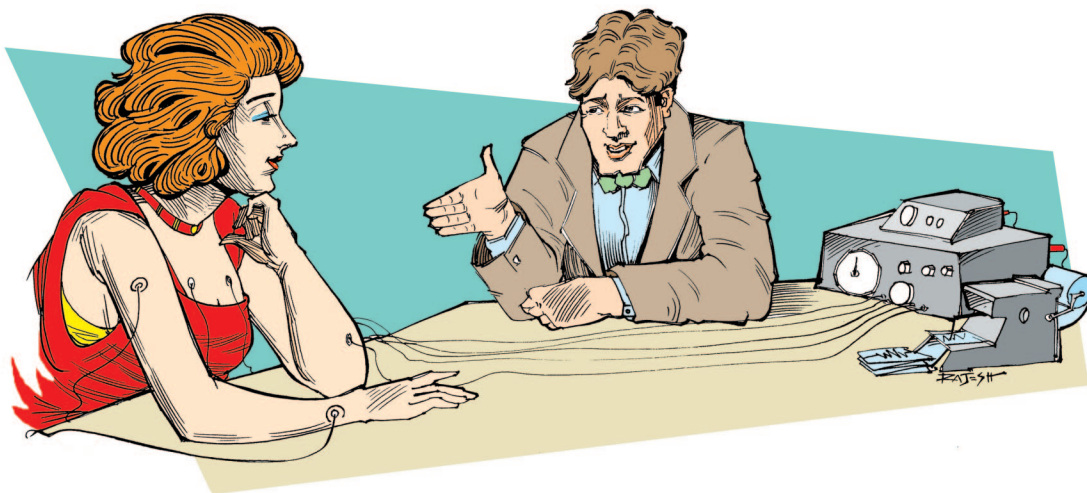
The girls unhesitatingly agreed to his proposal.

Usually the least likely suspects are called to take the test first, so that they can be eliminated right from the start. In this case Margaret Taylor naturally was the least suspected as she was the one who had made the complaint to the police.

So in the cosy, well-lit room of the college laboratory sat Margaret Taylor and John A. Larson face to face. The various sensors and instruments were attached to her body and the test began.

Young Larson began with a very casual conversation. He was cautious not to pose direct questions, relevant to the case, and make her nervous. For, that would adversely influence the readings of the graph. Those taking the test should be made to feel most comfortable, so that the pulse, blood pressure, and respiration would be normal before the actual examination.

So, for quite a while, the detective and the girl engaged themselves in a most charming dialogue. They talked about hobbies, books, music, travel, parents, gardens, and a host of other things. He found Margaret at once intelligent and lovely, with a sweet sense of humour. She, too, wanted to know about his work and



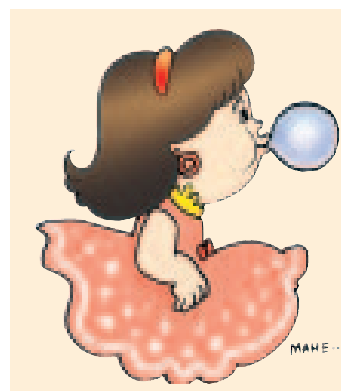
pastimes. He willingly and frankly told her of his varied interests and projects.

“Oh you’re wonderful! You’ve achieved so much! Yet you’ve dreams!” exclaimed Margaret, almost choking with emotions. Larson also wanted to return her compliments by saying she, too, was sweet and lovely, but restrained himself at the last moment.

For it struck him that some culprits and born liars had been known to be thoroughly pleasing and alluring personalities. Could Margaret also belong to that category?

Taking a gulp of water, the young man smiled and the young lady, too, smiled back. “Now, let’s get to actual business,” he said, adjusting his lie detection instruments.

(To conclude)



The substance that makes the bubble in the bubble gum is usually rubber.

CHEW THIS

Chimpanzees are our closest relatives- so close, in fact, that 98.4 % of our genes are the same.

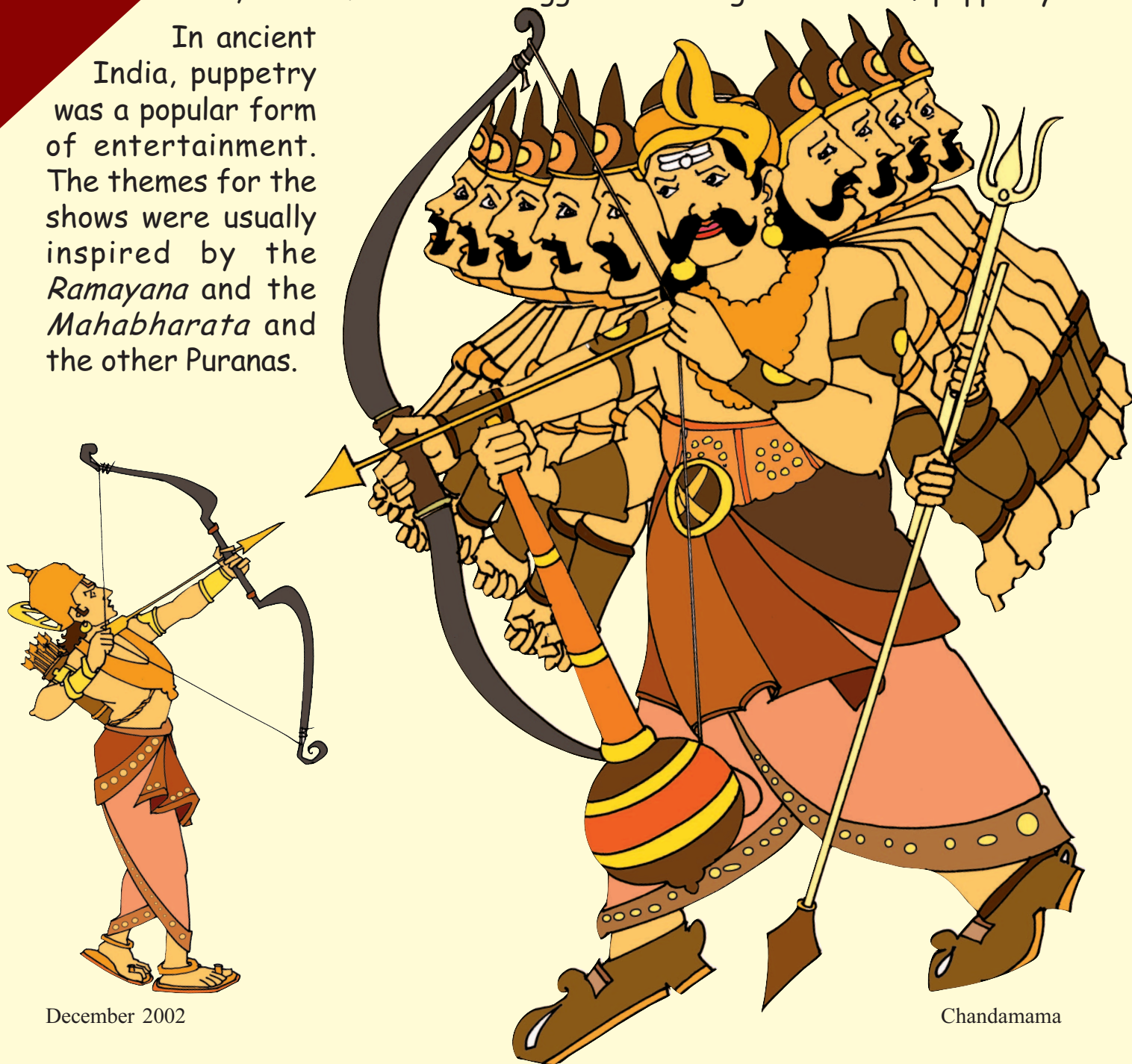


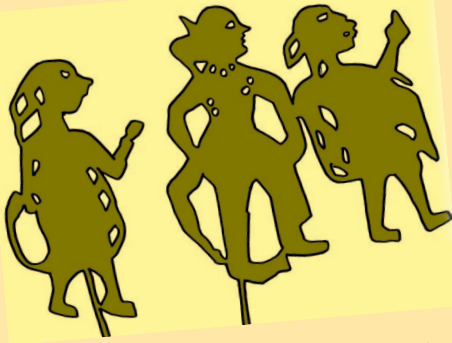
Dancing Dolls

It is generally believed that the art of puppetry had its roots in India. According to a legend, long ago a carpenter made two beautiful dolls. Fascinated by them, Goddess Parvati and Lord Siva entered the body of the dolls and began dancing.

The carpenter begged Parvati and Siva to leave his dolls alone. They agreed to this, provided the carpenter animated the dolls. So the carpenter attached strings to the doll, which moved when tugged. Thus began the art of puppetry!

In ancient India, puppetry was a popular form of entertainment. The themes for the shows were usually inspired by the *Ramayana* and the *Mahabharata* and the other Puranas.





Shadow theatre is an interesting form of puppetry. It is performed in darkness. The audience do not see the puppets directly; they see only their shadows on a lighted screen. The

puppets are mostly made of leather. Shadow puppetry is popular in Orissa (*Ravanachhaya*), Maharashtra (*Chamdyacha Bahulye*), Tamil Nadu (*Tholu Bommalattam*), Kerala (*Thol Pavakoothu*), Karnataka (*Togalu Gombatta*), and Andhra Pradesh (*Tholu Bommalatta*).

Glove puppets are popular in Kerala and Orissa. In Orissa (*Kundhei-nacha*), Lord Krishna and Radha are the main characters portrayed by puppets. This involves just two players - the puppeteer and the drummer. In Kerala (*Pava-koothu*), the puppets wear heavy masks and intricate headgear like those of Kathakali dancers.



Let's get started

Cut the picture of Ravana given alongside and stick it on a sheet of chart paper. Now make a cut-out of Ravana. Take a length of stick and paste it on the back of the picture. Your shadow puppet is ready for use. Now, let's get the props ready.

For the show, you need a light screen. You can use a *dhoti*. Next you need a light source. Oil lamps are better for this purpose than light bulbs. Place the lamp behind the screen, in such a manner that the light falls on the screen freely.

You, the puppeteer, will be at one end of the screen behind it. You can move the pictures and narrate the story simultaneously. You can try many innovations like standing on wooden planks and tapping your foot to produce various sounds.

*So, what are you waiting for?
It's show time folks!*



Rod puppets are popular in West Bengal. They are about 1.2 metre in height. Rods are

attached to their hands and heads and also tied to the waists of the puppeteer. The puppeteer too dances to the music and in turn moves the puppets. In Orissa (*Kathi-kundei-nacha*) the dolls are smaller and the rods are fastened only to the heads of the puppets, whereas their hands are manipulated by strings.

String puppets are dolls that have their jointed limbs manipulated by strings. The strings are tied to the fingers of the *Sutradhar* or puppeteer. Maharashtra (*Kalasutribahulye*), Rajasthan (*Kathputli*), Orissa (*Sakhi-kundhei*), and Tamil Nadu (*Bommalattam*) are famous for their tradition of string puppets.





Hi, kids! Here are some fun activities for you. Try your hand at them. Hope you enjoy yourself! To check your answers turn to pg. 58

Sssinister Sssnaky maze



Little Froggy has to reach his destination beyond this sssinister sssnaky maze. Here he is wondering how to come out of this maze without being gobbled by the the gleeful snakes! Can you help Froggy reach the other end safely?

Rahul's Shadow

Baby Rahul is busy crawling on the floor. He does not know which of the three shadows is his. Can you identify which one it is?



Scene Amiss

This picture looks like a perfect jungle scene with lovely animals and birds. But all is not well here. Can you spot the mistakes in this scene? And do pep up the picture by colouring the uncoloured parts!

Spot 'em out!

The two pictures given below may appear identical, but there are eight differences between them. Happy spotting!





Welcome home! And how?

★ *Who is a latchkey child? asks reader Jyotiranjana Biswal of Durgapur.*

A latchkey child or children are very much a modern phenomenon. Where both father and mother go for work and are not expected to return home early, their school-going child, who has been given a spare key, opens the door and enters an empty house and probably fends for himself till his or her parents come back. He has to help himself to food prepared in the morning and kept on the dining table and after eating, think of spending his time awake or asleep to await his parents' company. This has nowadays become a common happening, especially in cities and towns where homes do not generally have grandparents and/or aunts-uncles waiting for the child/children come

back from school. Not a very happy or desirable situation. What do you say?

★ *Reader B. Govind of Chembur, Mumbai, asks : What is the significance of the expression 'alpha and omega'?*

Alpha is the first letter of the Greek alphabet and omega the last letter. Alpha was adapted from 'aleph', the first letter of the Phoenician and Hebrew alphabets. The letter resembles the head of an ox. The letter omega, originally meaning conclusion, resembles the English vowel 'O'. The phrase simply means, from the beginning to the end. We often say, "I know everything from A to Z." One can also say, "from alpha to omega". This may sound scholarly, though it means the same!

★ *Reader Rammohan Shinde of Bellary asks : What is meant by 'blind-side'?*

When one is not aware of the side where danger lurks, that is called the blind-side, meaning a weak point. In courts, when lawyers present arguments, they may tend to touch weak points which will be taken advantage of by the rival group. The expression occurs in the game of rugby where a particular area is known as blind side (note the absence of a hyphen) where the players unwittingly allow themselves to be beaten in their strategy.



Answers

Rahul's shadow - 3

Scene amiss

Parrot pecking the tree, bat seen in daytime, tiger eating grass, rabbit's tail, rabbit eating meat, puppy sitting in the kangaroo's pouch, horns on the kangaroo's head.

Spot 'em out !

1. Number of arrows in the quiver
2. Circles in the target
3. Design on the dress
4. Mountains in the background
5. Feathers on the bird's head
6. Number of dots on the boy's headband
7. Bird's wing pattern
8. Number of sweat drops

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A Holiday Adventure

For Arun and Asha, who had come from Mumbai two weeks ago to spend their holidays with their grandparents in a coastal Kerala village, it had been a terrific vacation so far!

Returning from the nearby mango grove, they saw their grandparents chatting in the porch. “Poor Raghavan Nair!” said Grandpa. “The sale didn’t click this time too, it seems.” “I knew it wouldn’t,” Grandma responded. “Would anyone in his senses buy that haunted house?” The children’s curiosity was aroused. They bombarded their grandparents with questions: “What haunted house, Grandma? And who’s Raghavan Nair? Do tell us!”

“Raghavan Nair is our neighbour,” said Grandpa. “Haven’t you seen that big house on the other side of the mango grove? That’s his.” “And that’s haunted? Wow! A real haunted house, just like in the stories!” piped in 10-year-old Asha.

“Don’t be silly, Asha,” said Grandpa sternly. “There are no such things as ghosts and haunted. Only fools believe in them.” This was obviously meant for Grandma. She instantly bristled: “All right. Call me a fool if you like. But just tell me – if there are no ghosts, what’s happening in that house? How do the lights flash at night, and where do all those weird noises come from? Tell me!” “Grandma, please!” begged Arun. “Do tell us the whole story. You can fight with Grandpa later.”

Grandma told them the story. Raghavan Nair and his wife, who were old, wanted to sell the house and go to live with their sons abroad. However, no one would buy it because it was believed to be haunted. At night, unearthly screams and terrifying laughter could be heard and lights would blink on and off!

Arun and Asha were thrilled at the prospect of a real, live mystery so close to home. Here indeed was a mystery worth investigating! Both instantly resolved to try to solve it. But how?

Their opportunity came the very next day, when Raghavan Nair dropped in for a chat with Grandpa. “I just don’t know what to do,” began Raghavan Nair plaintively. “We long to be with our children;

they too keep calling us. On one hand, we can’t stay peacefully in this house; on the other we can’t leave till we sell it. And I can’t find a buyer.”

“Have you got no offers at all, then?” asked Grandpa sympathetically.

“Only one – from that real estate agent, Varkey. But the price he offers is not even one-fourth of the house’s real worth! How can I sell it for a pittance? But he has been standing firm on that offer, saying that’s the best he can give for a haunted house!”

A lull fell upon the conversation. Arun took the plunge in bravely, “Uncle, can we spend a night in your house?”

There was consternation on all sides. Raghavan Nair was astonished and did not quite know what to say, Grandpa was embarrassed and Grandma flatly refused to let them go.



Chandamama



Finally, however, the children had their way and Raghavan Nair took them home.

There was nothing spooky or sinister about the house—it was just another sprawling old country house. They met Mrs. Nair, a gentle old lady.

They met the cook Chellamma, and her husband Rajappan, who ran errands for the family. The couple had been with the Nairs for the last fifteen years. They lived in one wing of the house. Chellamma clucked over the children like a mother hen and asked them many questions about Mumbai.

Soon night fell and after partaking of a delicious dinner cooked by Chellamma, the children went to bed. They were allotted the room next to the Nairs’.

It must have been a little past midnight when the children woke up, hearing a strange noise. The bedside timepiece showed the time: 12.10. They looked at each other; then with one accord they got up and went to the door.

They were not the only ones awake. The Nairs were also out in the landing. An eerie sound of loud laughter echoed through the house. The door of the room right opposite them, across the hall, was open. Through it they saw the light flash repeatedly.

Asha clutched Arun’s arm. Arun felt a wave of fear for a brief moment but quelled it instantly, telling himself, “Ghosts don’t exist!”

He looked around him. Mrs. Nair was standing, pale and frightened; next to her stood her perturbed husband. Nearby stood a very frightened Rajappan, looking as if he had been disturbed from a sound sleep.

After a long minute, the sound of laughter subsided and the light stopped blinking. Mrs. Nair exclaimed, “I’ve had enough of this. I can’t bear it anymore.” Rajappan said between chattering teeth, “Master, if this goes on we’ll have to leave! We don’t want to be killed by ghosts! Chellamma is too scared even to come out of the room.”

Raghavan Nair said, “All right, everybody go to bed now. We’ll talk about this later.”

Back in their room, the children could not sleep. “Asha, I’m sure there is some foul play here,” said Arun. “I’m going to investigate. Do you want to come with me?” Asha was scared but she would not let Arun go alone! The two tiptoed out of the room.

The hall looked scary in the dim light of a blue night-lamp. Gathering all their courage, the duo went ahead, hand in hand. At the doorway to the ‘haunted’ room Arun paused and whispered to Asha, “You stay here.”

The room was dark. He entered it and groped for the switch. It seemed like hours before he found it. He pressed it with great relief and the room was flooded with light as it came on.

He looked around. The room was sparsely furnished. There was a wire going along one of the walls....Where did it lead to? It was looped up and went out through the ventilator. He left the room and followed its course. Now he had the answer!

When he came back to the room, seconds later, he was not scared anymore; nor was Asha, who was close behind him. He said, “I think the noise came from this room only. Could anything be hidden here? Let’s search!”

As they were looking around the room, Asha’s eyes suddenly fell on a ledge high over their heads, holding several cardboard boxes. She nudged Arun and pointed. He put a chair under the ledge, climbed up and began to rummage amidst the boxes. Suddenly he gave a muffled cry of triumph.

“Look what I’ve found!” he said softly as he leapt down. In his hand was a small tape-recorder. They could see the cassette still in it. They went back to bed.

It was rather late the next morning when they woke

up. The two walked up straight to Raghavan Nair.

"Uncle, I have something to tell you," said Arun. "Last night, after you went back to bed Asha and I explored the haunted room. We have solved the mystery. Your 'haunting' has been done not by ghosts, but humans. We found this hidden in the room. It is where the laughter came from." He displayed the tape-recorder in his palm.

He pressed the 'Play' button, and a loud sound of raucous laughter echoed in the room. It went on for more than five minutes, and then stopped. The tape continued to run silently, and Arun switched it off. The Nairs were staring open-mouthed, and so was Chellamma who had come out of the kitchen, hearing the noise.

"But who... what..." stammered Raghavan Nair.

"Uncle, you're not going to like this," said Arun softly. "This so-called haunting is the work of people who were inside your house, people whom you trusted!" He paused.

"There's your ghost!" he said, pointing at Chellamma who still stood agape at the door.

Raghavan Nair rose to his feet in outrage. "What nonsense!" he sputtered. "Chellamma and Rajappan have been with us for the last 15 years. They are part of the family. How dare you even say this, boy?"

"Come with me, Uncle," said Arun quietly. He led Raghavan Nair to the room and showed him the wire that went along the wall and out of the ventilator. They followed its path along the wall to where it finally ended – in Rajappan's quarters!

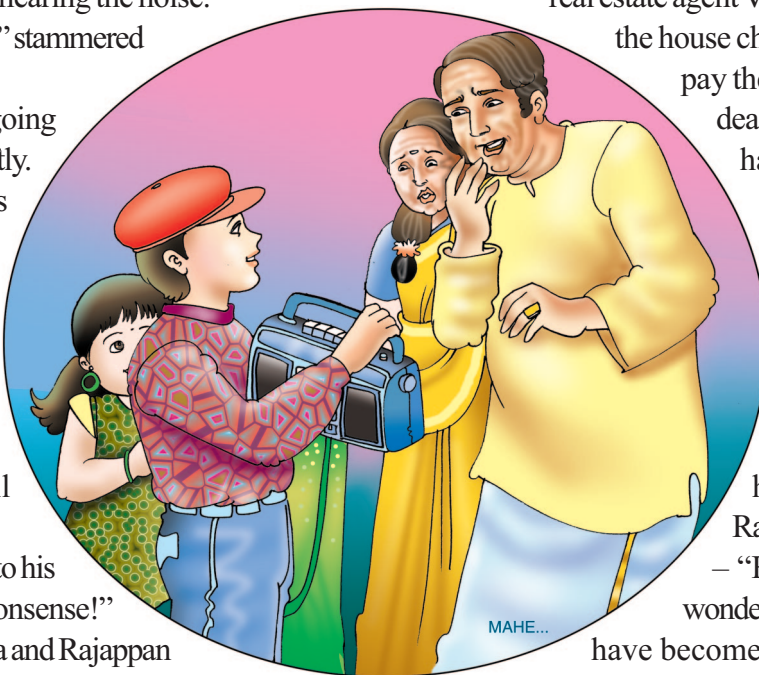
"If you look through the window, Uncle, you can see the wire connecting to a switch on the wall," pointed Arun. "Obviously, last night it was Chellamma who switched the light on and off from here, when Rajappan claimed that she was 'too scared even to come out of the room'. As for the tape, one of them probably switched it on and left it hidden in the room before going to bed. As it is a 90-minute tape, it would run for some time before the laughter came on, so no one would suspect them."

Chellamma and Rajappan were called in and questioned. At first they denied everything but soon they broke down and confessed that they had done it for the real estate agent Varkey, who wanted to buy the house cheap. He had promised to pay them one lakh rupees if the deal came through, and greed had won over loyalty. The police were called and soon the couple was behind bars.

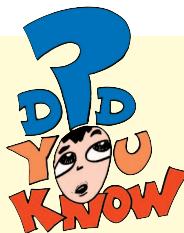
As soon as they had recovered from the first shock, the Nairs went over to their neighbour's house to thank the children. Raghavan Nair told Grandpa – "Had it not been for your wonderful grandchildren, I would have become a victim of this wicked conspiracy and sold my ancestral house dirt cheap to Varkey. Now we'll get a good price for it."

He turned to the beaming Arun and Asha. "Thank you, dear children!" he said. "Our pleasure, Uncle," said Asha breezily. "This has been a great holiday adventure for us – The Mystery of the Haunted House!"

- By Rajee Raman



Western music composer Richard Wagner composed his best music when he was dressed in historical costumes.



Did you know that the pattern of stripes in every zebra is unique. No two zebras have identical stripes. Even the patterns on the opposite sides of a zebra's body do not match exactly!



PUZZLE DAZZLE

*You must be gearing up for Christmas and the winter holidays!
While you wait for Santa Claus to bring you gifts,
you can take a look at this festival treat.*

**Let's
get X-
masy!**

We have a super duper double-decker word puzzle just for you. In the grid given below are many words associated with Christmas. Clues have been given to make it easier for you to identify them. After finding all of them, pull out the letters left over in the grid. Unscramble them and we have a message just for you. Get going!

CLUES

The patron saint of children.
A covering for the feet and lower leg.
You cannot eat it as well as have it!
Suspended garland.
The Christmas jingle.
It is decorated during this season.
Replace a letter in 'chair'.
A source of light.
Ability, boon, earnest, genius.
A song of joy.
A child's bed.
The opposite of devil.
Ascends when filled with air.
Holy book.
One of the wise men.
Vehicle used to travel in snow.

S	R	E	K	A	C	A	R	O	L
A	F	Y	H	C	A	N	G	E	L
N	E	X	M	A	S	T	R	E	E
T	S	R	E	N	S	F	M	M	B
A	T	C	A	D	E	I	A	I	E
C	O	H	C	L	R	G	R	S	L
L	O	O	B	E	I	C	I	M	G
A	N	I	B	A	L	L	O	O	N
U	B	R	H	G	I	E	L	S	I
S	T	O	C	K	I	N	G	T	J

Portmanteau words

Here is a fantabulous puzzle! Fantabulous? Well, this word is a combination of the words 'FANTASTIC' and 'FABULOUS'. There are many such words in English. They are called *portmanteau* words. Take a look at these and find the missing words.

1. _____ = FOURTEEN + NIGHTS
2. BRUNCH = BREAKFAST + _____
3. SLITHY = _____ + LITHE
4. SMOG = SMOKE + _____
5. _____ = MOTOR + HOTEL



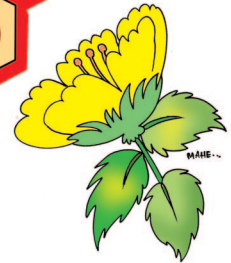
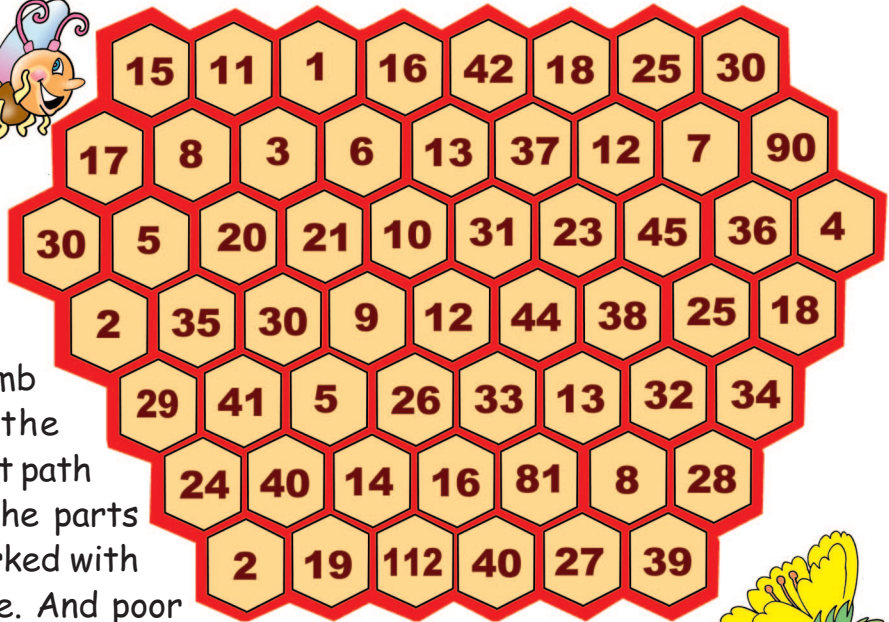
PUZZLE DAZZLE

Figure it out



Hi folks! Are you good in mathematics? Here's a puzzle just to stimulate your brains. Bina Bee has to reach the other end of this honeycomb to collect the honey from the flower. She knows that the right path to the flower leads through the parts of the honeycomb that are marked with odd numbers divisible by three. And poor Bina does not know her three tables well!

Can you help her find her way? Also can you find out how many even numbers that are divisible by 3 are present in this comb?



Who's who?

Akash, Sanjay, and Rahul were great friends at school. But when they grew up, they went their ways and lost contact with each other. But many years later, when they were all professionals employed by big companies in different countries, they found each other - almost magically - with the help of an internet service that helps locate friends. Here are some details about the three friends. And some clues that will help match the men to the right details. From the clues given below can you identify the full name, occupation and the country of residence of each of them?

CLUES

First names: Akash, Rahul, Sanjay

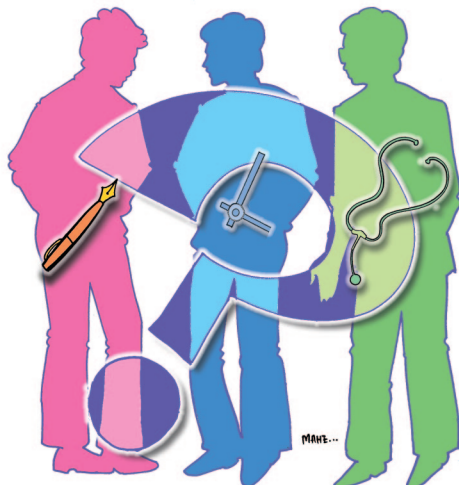
Family names: Gupta, Trivedi, Bhattacharya

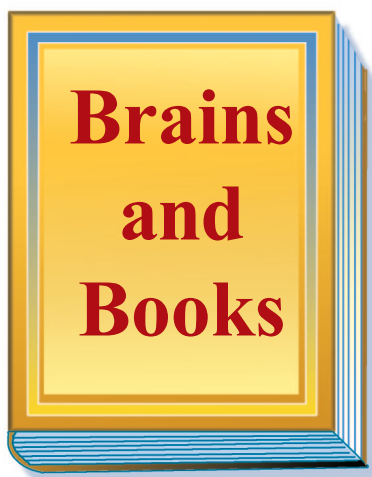
Occupations: engineer, journalist, doctor

Living places: USA, India, Australia

1. Gupta, the doctor lives outside the USA. He is not Akash.
2. Rahul is the journalist.
3. The engineer lives in India
4. The one who lives in the USA is not called Bhattacharya.

(Answers on page 65)





This is the last quiz in this series. Many of our readers have suggested that the quiz need not be confined to G.K. about India and its scope could be widened. In deference to their wishes, we propose to introduce this feature in a new pattern from the next issue. So, this month's quiz is an Indian pot-pourri.



As usual, write down the answers on a sheet of paper, attach the coupon below (photo copies are **not** acceptable), and mail it to us to reach us before the 20th. **Important:** The contest is open to children between 5 and 15 years. The answers and names of the prize-winners will appear in the issue after the next. The **first three** all correct entries will receive a copy of one of Chandamama's publications.

1. The Jallianwala massacre prompted Rabindranath Tagore to return the Knighthood conferred on him by the British Government. When did the tragedy take place?

a) 1919 b) 1922
c) 1924 d) 1927

2. Currently, which is the largest State in India?

a) Uttar Pradesh b) Madhya Pradesh
c) Rajasthan d) Andhra Pradesh

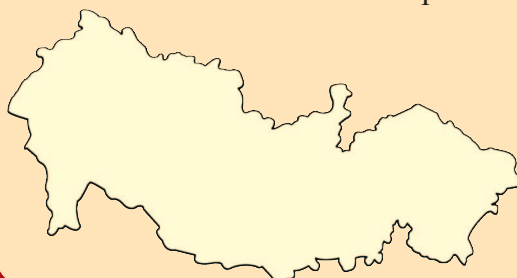
3. Who was the first woman judge of the Supreme Court?

a) Fathima Beevi b) Leila Seth
c) Sunanda Bhandare d) Anne Mascarene

4. Who was the first recipient of the title Bharat Ratna?

a) Mahatma Gandhi b) Jawaharlal Nehru
c) Dr. S. Radhakrishnan d) Dr. B.R. Ambedkar.

5. This is one of the States of India. While printing, the north-south direction has not been maintained. What is the name of the State and which is its capital?



a) Nellore
c) Vijayawada

6. Who was the Viceroy of India when the capital was changed from Calcutta to Delhi?

a) Lord Curzon
b) Lord Hardinge
c) Lord Wavell
d) Lord Dalhousie

7. India's first railway station was Bori Bunder. True or false?

8. Before Hyderabad became the capital of Andhra Pradesh, which was its capital?

b) Kurnool
d) Visakhapatnam

9. Who scored a century each in his very first three Test matches?

a) Vijay Merchant b) Polly Umrigar
c) Mohammed Azharuddin d) Kapil Dev

10. Who started the "chipko" movement?

a) Maneka Gandhi b) Arundhati Roy
c) Medha Patkar d) Sunderlal Bahuguna

Answers to October Quiz

1. Bal Gangadhar Tilak; Ganesh Chaturthi, 2. a-iii, b-i, c-ii, 3. Mahabali (from the day of Atham to Thiruvonam), 4. Muharram (which was inadvertently left out as one of the options), 5. Children are seen playing Holi which is never celebrated at night, 6. a-iii, b-i, c-ii.

Congratulations to

R. Venkataraman of Kancheepuram, who is the prize winner, especially for mentioning Muharram to question No.4. He will receive a copy of one of Chandamama publications.

Brains and Books (December)

Participant's name.....

Age Class School.....

Home address

.....PIN.....

.....
Parent's signature

.....
Participant's signature

By e-mail from Sonal H.Patil, Jalgaon:

I am reading *Chandamama* for the last six months, and I find the magazine pretty interesting. I like the new style so much that the moment father brings a new issue, my spirits soar. The magazine has also improved my English to a great extent. I love to read all the stories, ABC of Science and the Quiz.



On Chandamama's Website

● I like the stories. Even my mother and brother like them. The website needs enrichment. You should keep some images and screensavers of various characters, like Vikram and the Vetala, for downloading. Also a search engine. Please include a number of games to play. Should have a number of FAQs, also some facts and figures about world. It should also be related to general knowledge and should have major news items. - **D.Mondal**

● Will you please have the stories in Gujarati? I am a regular reader of the Gujarati *Chandamama*. - **Sukun Mehta**

Ranjani Ravi of Class 8, Padma Seshadri Bal Bhavan Sr.Secondary School, Chennai, writes:

Ever since I came to Chennai from Dehra Dun, I have become an avid reader of *Chandamama*. I like all the articles and stories, especially those from Ruskin Bond, because my heart goes back to the good times I spent in the Doon Valley, which is near Mussoorie where he lives. *Chandamama* is a very interesting, engrossing magazine. Our geography book refers to the Burra caves. Are they different from the Belum caves?

Yes, they are two different phenomena. - Editor.

This came from B.Govind, Mumbai:

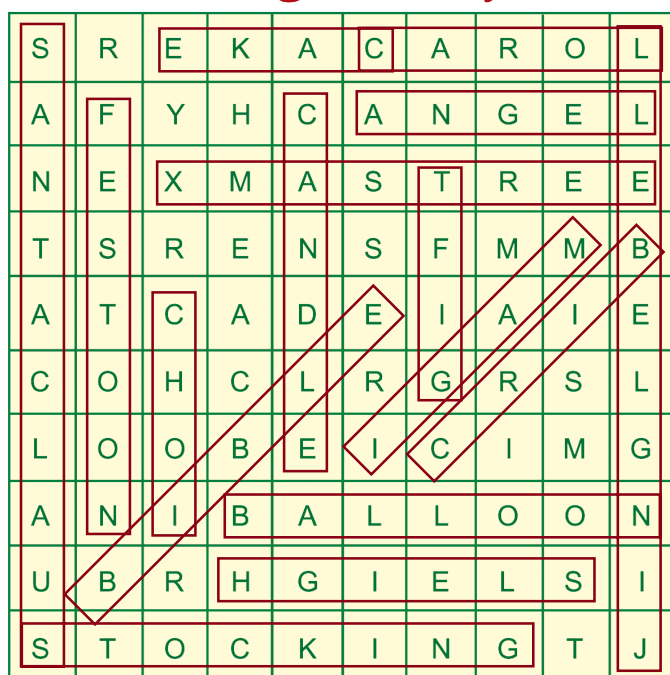
The September issue was excellent. I liked the story 'The Princess's Sacrifice'.

Ronak Soni of Annanagar East, Chennai, writes:

I love the features Garuda the Invincible, Towards Better English, and all the stories. Please start the *Ramayana*.

Answers for PUZZLE DAZZLE

Let's get X-Masy!



The message? Merry Christmas!!

Figure it out



Portmanteau words

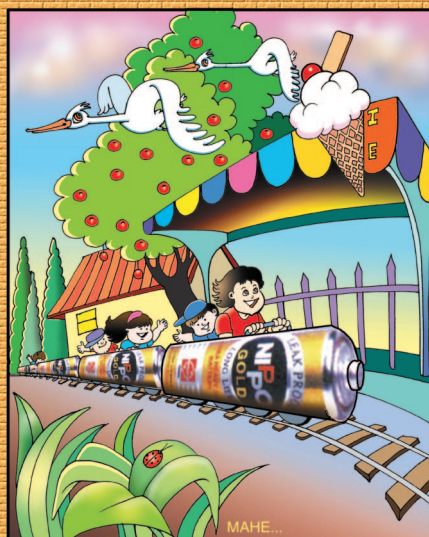
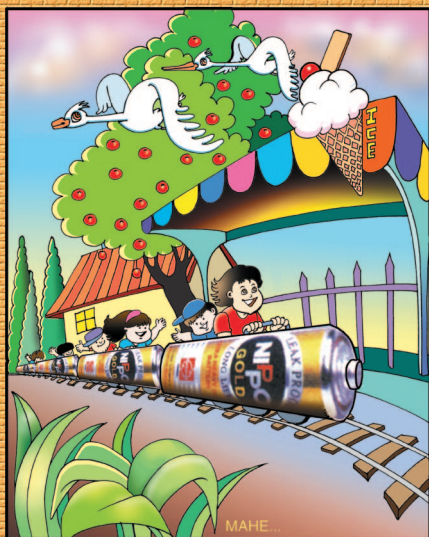
FORTNIGHT, LUNCH, SLIMY, FOG, MOTEL

Who's Who?

Akash Bhattacharya, the engineer, lives in India
Rahul Trivedi, the journalist, lives in the USA
Sanjay Gupta, the doctor, lives in Australia.

CLICK WITH NIPPO PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST!

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"Lost in thought"

"Lost in devotion"

Number of Batteries: 41

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*See page No 65 for discount coupon



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